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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE WRITING CURE

TO tip off psychoanalysts gratis seems both too generous and presumptuous. But someone should acquaint these clever practitioners with the benefits their patients might derive from the writing process. By "writing" is here meant setting down in agreeable or bizarre English the reactions or narratives of the patient. There are, beyond question, thousands of folk suffering from nostalgia, melancholia, and the like who ought to be writing — not with a view of enriching literature but for private entertainment and diversion. Yet the soul surgeons persist in recommending matrimony, reorientation, and citrate of magnesia, and seldom if ever prescribe writing as a cure for spiritual difficulties.

For one thing, being a writer relieves the tedium of existence. It gives man a secret, a utilitarian interest in circumstances which would otherwise bore him to distraction. An intolerable hour of waiting for the Milwaukee express is transformed into an epoch of speculation about the old lady on the next bench, if only the man waiting is in search of future copy. A writer can attend weddings, funerals, tea parties, church services, lodge meetings, convinced that if nothing better turns up he can at least get material for a new novel or sonnet. He will probably write neither, but none the less he has had the pleasure that comes from a purpose in his heart.

Again, writing gives man a confidant. There are certain things which a person wishes to confide to no one, save his typewriter. Yet speaking to the typewriter makes one articulate and compels one to verbalize. With this practice comes better and more effective self expression, and there is always the hope in the breast of every person who ever wrote anything privately that posterity will find the private works in an old trunk and get the benefits of them.

Literary activity should be acclaimed more heartily as a therapeutic measure. To be sure, music hath its charms and matrimony its good points, but writing as a means of making life bearable and interesting to deranged and dissatisfied men and women is not to be despised. Too, literature may be benefited inci-

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dentally. It must not be forgotten that Samuel Pepys wrote for his own amazement, and it is not unlikely that some of the best stuff of our times will never be published or even offered for publication.

WE RESOLVE HENCEFORTH

WITH at least one of our New Year's resolutions we feel that measure of contentment which seems (though we know this to be the tricksy way of illusions) to argue for its ultimate goodness. And when we confess that it concerns the matter of lending books we fully expect to strike as many responsive chords as though we had mentioned life, love, the devil, or any of the other universally significant features of the contemporary scene. While granting that others have touched upon the subject here and there, we deny that it is banal, passé, or anything but urgent.

Observation has convinced us that people make the wrong resolutions about lending books. They are too prone, regarding their well beloved shelves with jealous eye, to promise themselves that they will not — so help them — lend a single one of their volumes to anyone during the year. This resolution is never kept. It is a mere ideal, the dream of a moment, a fantasy born but to expire at the approach of the first caller. The springs of ordinary kindliness, the desire to please, and the fear to offend even those who do not really appreciate good books are too deeply implanted in the heart of the most resolute resolver.

Others decide to lend more and more books, to lend them graciously, cheerfully, even to force them upon friends and acquaintances. They realize within the week that this gesture is only a reaction against a strong desire to padlock their libraries and as the faint ghost of a sublimation is hardly robust enough to endure. They come to their senses before they have dispersed the treasures of their shelves beyond recall and commonly engage in some form of humanitarianism less painful to their kind. If they may be said to have failed, their failure is not ignoble. The race simply has not evolved far enough to make this resolution practicable among lovers of books.

Assuming that it is not sinful in the owner of a library to wish to retain possession of as many as possible of the books he has chosen from all the world to live with, and considering that New Year's resolutions having to do with ways and means may be had for the making, what is one to do? We have found it quite impossible in the past to legislate against the borrowing of our books. People rush to the shelves, listen to our running lecture about the evils of borrowing, agree with us, and depart with armloads of our favorites, casting back gay and grateful glances and no doubt discussing among themselves our quaint notion that books should stay in their places in that world of paint and varnish and glass that we have made for them.

We are not cranky on the subject. But it would be idle to deny that there have been one or two painful incidents in the library. It is time, if not for heroic deeds, at least for courageous thought. Mark Twain once told a neighbor that he could borrow any book, provided he did not take it out of the library. Later Mark Twain sought a lawn mower from his neighbor and was told that he could borrow it, provided it remained in the neighbor's yard. Nevertheless, our rule this year is the one formulated by Mark Twain.

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CONFESSION'S THE THING

WHAT, pray, has brought upon the children of America the plague of confession? Is it a visitation of the divine wrath? Any articulate person with a typewriter can break into print today by admitting that he has been an abominable hypocrite and led a futile existence in his chosen profession. We thrive on the blood of advertised martyrs and breathe the air of anonymity. The person looking for pin money from his writing is caught between the upper millstone of the high prices magazines are willing to pay for confessions and the nether demand of the public to know his secrets.

There is no sign that the public is growing surfeited. The magazine which has built up the largest circulation in the world (every minute someone somewhere buys a copy of "True Story") has achieved its distinction by printing the narratives of boys and girls who sinned but were ultimately saved by the thought of mother, home, and heaven. But the practice is not confined to the group which specializes in marital difficulties and sex lure. Another magazine, perhaps the most contemptuous of the quality group, which has grown enormously within the past two years, has used abundantly of seditious utterances from the very Kiwanians, preachers, and pedagogues whom it poohpoohs most loudly. The more intelligent weeklies have had their quota and some of them have established confessional departments. There is in fact scarcely a foible or profession which has not been confessed to Father Public.

The magazines, of course, are not to be blamed. Running a magazine compels an editor to be alert to what the readers gobble up most readily. The successful editor knows rather than improves the public taste. So we may pompously fall back on the platitude that readers get what they want. And it appears that what they want most is to know the weaknesses of those who write.

All this is a part of our desire for disillusionment and sophistication. Like a suspicious husband or wife, we must have the Truth, whether we really want to know it or not. But some day we shall know even as we are known and we shall be bored to satiety by the sex life of Mamie at the lace counter or the story of President De Vere's failure to live up to his educational ideals. In that blessed day it will be as hard to sell a confession as it is now to sell an article on pacifism.

THE JAWS OF PUBLICITY

WITHIN the past five years American journalism has turned a complete somersault. Nursed on war propaganda and excitement, the public's appetite for sensation needed feeding. It has been fed completely, richly, indigestibly, by the daily pictorials, and the more conservative papers to keep their heads above water cannot fail to take tone from their scarlet sisters. So acute has the public aptitude for news hysterics become, that a reputation can be made overnight, whereas it used to take a month or so. Not even in the old days of muckraking and yellow journalism was a piece of news so carefully nourished, so consistently inflated. A man like Mr. Browning becomes the idol of the newspapers. A clever woman like Queen Marie becomes a victim of American publicity methods and finds herself in a welter of misunderstandings before her native shrewdness shows her

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that she must extricate herself or be the laughing stock of a people really prepared to adore her. Gene Tunney reads a book or two and wakes to find himself in danger of losing the boxing fans because the sport writers have developed Tunney's literacy to a point where it becomes confused with effeminacy. Ogden Mills, one of the ablest men in politics, goes down to defeat in the midst of an oddly mismanaged publicity campaign. A great manufacturing house with the aid of a famous public relations counsel turns from practical salesmanship to art in twenty four hours by a stroke of genius in manipulating the news. The thing is exciting. It is vastly amusing. It is nationally so important that these pages cannot stress it enough.

Nevertheless, there is a ray of hope in this slough of hoax. Once a newspaper is caught in the act of creating or furthering a great feature story that is spurious, the public will turn overnight, as it has been carefully trained by the news influences to do, and repudiate the news influences themselves. That the public believes what it reads is true only up to a certain point; fashions in what it will receive as news, and what it believes to be mere publicity, shift. It is no longer possible for an actress to plan an abduction of herself and achieve front page headlines. This fashion seems to have been relegated to evangelists. You cannot fool the public all the time.

In the midst of chaos there stands out one figure, so sternly aware of these facts, so essentially true to the best traditions of American journalism and real American character, that the phenomenon is amazing and acclaims him for the great man he is. That is Coolidge. No man ever had a better chance to use the papers to his own advantage. No man ever had a personality so capable of popular inflation. Yet he sedulously avoids sensational publicity. He sits calmly in the White House and issues his statements via his spokesman. During his entire administration he has granted only two personal interviews. His dignity acclaims his greatness. He is as solid as a rock and as impervious. By those who know him his essential humanity cannot for a moment be doubted. From such sense, from such a rejection of glamour, can spring only an ultimate popularity, an ultimate estimate of greatness which will astound the world.

BETTER, NOT BIGGER, COLLEGES

EXCEPT for the fact that intellectuals are generally an indigent lot, Yale University would probably be able to raise all its endowment in the coming campaign from young idealists who appreciate the singular purpose for which the money is sought. Can you imagine a college today seeking to procure $20,000,000 with no thought of adding more real estate? Can you imagine a college president asking for this sum in order to raise the salaries of professors and instructors? Can you imagine the campaign committee's being audacious enough to accept such a motto as "For a finer, not a bigger, Yale"? It is obviously doubtful what results such an appeal will work upon that part of the public which is able to pay. But verily it is pleasing to know that, in a time when colleges have become notorious for their genuflections to the great god Big, there are yet a few who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

Whether it was the war or something else that brought it on, our colleges have been seriously afflicted with megalomania these past few years.

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No doubt the malady inheres in the principles of administrative control and in the concepts of the governing public, as shown by Thorstein Veblen's acute study of "The Higher Learning in America". Whatever the cause, we have madly exaggerated the importance of mere educational appurtenances and we have virtually lost sight of the content of education. College executives scramble for more students so they can ask for more buildings so they can seek more students, and so on, ad nauseam. We have a fervent love for the tangible and we delude ourselves into thinking the prodigious throng on our campuses is a portent of a new cultural awakening. It isn't anything of the sort, however; it is only a sign that organized education, for the most part, is growing hopelessly utilitarian and practical.

But Yale's policy, together with that of a few other institutions, presents something a shade more moderate than that of the surrounding gaudiness. Her enrolment has been limited. Her effort now is in the direction of intensiveness. She is seeking now "to finance her intellectual development" and is promising to improve her library facilities and her teaching staff. So far as the general public is concerned, the task looks as futile as an endeavor to raise funds for striking garment workers or the Communist revolution. Twenty million dollars and no new buildings? It will be interesting to see what America thinks about a demand that offers so little reward.

VIEWING WITH TOLERANCE

NOT since John Wesley and his playmates stirred Oxford with their zealous and methodical piety has any religious movement made so much noise in our colleges as Buchmanism. Buchmanism, as the tabloids laughingly put it for the lay reader, is a recrudescence of evangelical fervor with a touch of sexual exaggeration, confined mostly to undergraduates. And the curious and interesting thing is that it has enraged intellectuals in much the same way that evolution so recently frightened the zealots of Tennessee and points west and south. President Hibben's bull officially banished the heresy from Princeton and a subsequent vote of undergraduates ratified the president's decretal. Now reports come that students elsewhere are determined to extirpate this new evil from the body collegiate. A bogey has lifted its head to disturb the calm of the campus; an obstreperous group is abroad and there is consequently nothing to do but bait its members. This spirit offers another enlightening commentary on the great American method.

What seems to be overlooked in most comment is that the incensed students would eliminate Buchmanism precisely as they would oust Socialism or anything else that offended respectability, and that college authorities are firmly against the recusants because they threaten to disturb administrative waters. Buchmanism has its excesses, of course, just as do petting parties and fraternity initiations. One man under its spell claims he saw Jesus Christ just off the Boston Post Road the other night. As a religion it does not seem to have any more merit than a great many other religions. But all this is irrelevant to the question of our childish attitude — that of knowing nothing to do but to stamp it out. The cult may be indefensible in the eyes of Episcopalians and atheists, but what of it? If the young brethren want to get together and confess their sins

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instead of telling ribald yarns, there is no intelligent reason why they should not be allowed to do so. If they want to propagate the faith, no greater abatis than the snooty indifference of the present college student need be thrown across their path.

The chief trouble is that, though we in America have in some measure learned to tolerate each other's opinions, we have never begun to learn how to respect each other's feelings. We are parochial and narrow in matters of taste and feeling. One school of art, well poised and intellectual in its criticisms, has no regard for another school which disregards classical form and method. Realists are contemptuous of romancers and writers of romance cavil against realists as conspirators to foist only the ugly upon the public. The classical school of music has little use for Tschaikowsky or Stravinsky, or for jazz. And so it goes. We do not seem to understand that religious and artistic expressions are built upon the feelings and that it does not do for us to take too intellectual a view of any expression foreign to our emotional sets.

That Buchmanism is anachronistic in method and practice cannot be gainsaid. It tends markedly toward vicarious sexual perversion; its influence upon converts is often in the direction of neuroticism; and it is far from probable that it will ever usher in the Kingdom of God. It merits no encomium and it will certainly get none from us. But it would not hurt undergraduates and college authorities to view for once with good natured tolerance a thing that goes so violently against the prevailing mood as does Buchmanism.

PROTEST

By Jane Belo

YOUR love is like thin snow
falling in pale flakelets,
covering slowly, so slowly
over the flat spaces,
melting swiftly, so swiftly,
leaving only faint moisture.
Your love is like mist-rain,
dewing, imperceptible,
grey gossamer veiling.
Swathe me not in your gossamer love.

But come you hurricanes,
come howling! come hurling!
Into the hidden places let the rain be driven.
Drench, into the sheltered places.
Whirl me, thrash me, beat me down,
cut into me with loosed furies.

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ON THE TRAIL OF GREATNESS

By W. E. Woodward

AMONG the intelligent citizens of our nation there appears to be a general and persistent impression that George Washington wrote numerous letters which are unprintable, or at any rate have never been printed, for the reason that they would reveal the Father of Our Country in a moral condition which was far from perfect. This belief prevails most extensively among business men. Almost every sales manager or high powered executive that one meets in the smoking rooms of Pullman cars knows somebody who knows somebody else who has seen a letter from Washington to Jefferson, or to Lafayette, in which the great man refers to mulatto girls in salacious terms, and in which the recipient is invited to come and pass the time at Mount Vernon, where these dark skinned houris were supposed to dwell.

These immoral letters have the mystic elusiveness of the Golden Fleece, or the Holy Grail. I have been on the trail of Washington for fifteen years; I have studied everything about him with the most minute attention; and I have never seen a letter written by him which would connect him with any kind of sexual license.

The immoral letters always turn out to be crude forgeries, or (as is usually the case) they are not signed by Washington at all, and are letters written by somebody else. There are in existence some letters written to Washington by his friends which would seem to indicate that the immortal George was not quite all that a married church member ought to be, but their evidential value is slight.

The truth is that Washington was not a warm hearted, exuberant person. He was one of the most careful letter writers in history. He did not dash off notes and scatter them around. Whatever he wrote was soberly thought out, written and rewritten and slept over. Among his characteristics calculation, shrewdness, and secretiveness stand well to the front. He was almost as reserved and cautious as President Coolidge, and almost as chilly in manner. Does anyone believe that the world will be astounded some day by a dramatic revelation of Mr. Coolidge's left handed love affairs, accompanied by a batch of glowing letters? I should say not. Even a most rudimentary understanding of character leads one to the conviction that Mr. Coolidge has no illicit amours and never will have any. George Washington was not a Coolidge, but he had some of the Coolidge qualities.

Nevertheless the legend of wicked epistles continues slyly to exist. It has the vitality of a cherished superstition; it has become a sort of permanent but rather hazy mirage on the horizon of biography.

The mistaken zeal of Washington's adulators helps to keep it alive. In the marble mausoleum of J. P. Morgan's private library there are Washington letters to which access is sternly refused. A few years ago the librarian of the Morgan library, Miss Greene, was reported to have burned some of Wash-

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ington's letters because they did not reflect credit on our country's parent. Later on, when the incident got into print, she declared that no letters had been destroyed. I do not know whether they were burned or not, but if they still exist they cannot be seen. The refusal to show them naturally opens the door to every variety of sinister conjecture. We may take our choice of subjects—assignations, land swindles, mulatto girls, or illegitimate children.

One can never be entirely sure about a man who has been dead more than a century, and whose career has been in the hands of patriotic societies ever since he departed from this earth, but I am willing to hazard a guess that the concealed letters in the Morgan Library, and those locked up elsewhere, contain nothing more injurious to Washington's reputation than a few coarse or smutty expressions. Although he was a man of gentility and breeding, he did not have much æsthetic taste, and beneath his gentility—very close to the surface—was a substratum of burly roughness. In other words, even if he did wear silk stockings and could bow graciously in a drawing room, he was as hard as nails—and sometimes he used coarse expressions offhand.

The question of Washington's morals, like everything else that would throw light on his personality, is a legitimate subject for research. But conclusions must be founded on evidence, and the historical material concerning his moral status is decidedly sparse. All we know is that he lived in Virginia at a time when masculine morals were at a low ebb, and that there was certainly nothing Puritanical in his nature.

Washington was a man of remarkable strength of character. The axis of his personality was will power. During the greater part of his life he seems to have been guided by a distinct ideal of greatness. His will to be a great man was conscious and intentional. As we see him in various perplexing situations we can almost hear him say to himself, "What should a great man do in this case?"

It was this attitude toward life which made him so cautious. His letters are models of circumspection and reserve. He was secretive as well as cautious, for caution carried to excess always leads to secretiveness. There are secret regions in his life which will never be explained, for the map of their dim trails was never made, and now it is too late to make it. Now and then, in following his career, we bump against a blind wall, and it is always a wall without a door.

To show what I mean, I shall describe one of these blind walls and my feeble attempts to climb over it. The effort to surmount it turned out in this case to be an amusing affair, though most of the Washington blind walls are dreary obstacles from which one retires baffled after wading for months through a morass of barren documents.

In February, 1771, Washington began to make cryptic symbols on the margin of his diary. These symbols consist of letters of the alphabet, numerals, and vertical lines like this | | | | | | placed against certain names or dates. I did not know of the existence of these marks until the Diaries were published in printed form—that is, until the spring of 1926. I learned of them first through a footnote in the second volume of the Diaries, in which the editor—Mr. J. C. Fitzpatrick, of the Library of Congress—mentions them, though he does not reproduce any of the symbols in the published work.

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I wrote to Mr. Fitzpatrick and asked him what he thought the symbols meant. He replied that he did not know their meaning—I give his letter in my Life of Washington—but he thought they might be farm memoranda or records of card games. This supposition did not seem sound to me. Washington was an admirable bookkeeper. Day after day he set down every farm transaction in perfect clarity in his farm books. It seemed hardly probable that he would invent a cipher to record agricultural data in his private diaries. As to card games, he kept a careful profit and loss record of them among his accounts. The symbols record something that Washington wanted to conceal; at least, that view of the matter appears reasonable to me. I resolved to investigate them, but just then I was busy writing my Washington biography and could not spare the time to go to the Congressional Library, where the manuscript of the Diaries is kept.

Mr. Liveright, my publisher, thought that he might engage some unattached literary man who would go down to Washington in my stead and take a look at the symbols. So from Westport, Connecticut, I sent a letter of instructions to be given to this investigator. Before I had mailed the letter Mr. Van Wyck Brooks dropped in for a little chat and I told him about it. He said he had heard that Harvard University Library had in its possession a printed volume of suppressed letters written by Washington; that this volume was kept under lock and key and could not be seen.

Upon hearing this I opened the letter of instructions and added a postscript: "Upon finishing with the Library of Congress please go to Boston and ascertain if Harvard has a printed volume of suppressed letters. If there is such a volume, try to get a look at it, and let me know what it contains."

The ensuing developments did not give me much data about George Washington, but they revealed indirectly how deeply the sacrosanct character and tradition of Washington have sunk into the American mind. Our literary man, who would have thought nothing of going to a public library to get any ordinary information, was evidently dazed or frightened or something by being sent to probe into Washington's life. In addition to this handicap he knew apparently little or nothing about the career of George Washington, and did not take the pains to fortify himself with even an inspection of the printed Diaries.

Following the most respectable of detective traditions he changed his name and went into disguise, so to speak. Why he did this I do not know. The name he adopted was the romantic one of Charles Mordaunt.

The Library of Congress was approached and entered, on tiptoe as it were. Then silence. Charles Mordaunt had disappeared without leaving a trace. The Library of Congress had swallowed him. Anxiety.

But he was still alive. At last a report came from him. He wrote:

"I have finally achieved some real results but in an unexpected way and after long toil.

"I began with the 1771 Diaries and went through the whole thing up to 1794. Small manuscript volumes in a neat round hand, but no cryptogram. Not a dot! Not a line! I had rather hard work to get hold of the manuscript but finally pleaded curiosity and a longing for the old atmosphere and was given the Diaries to look over. I scanned every page, but not a sign of anything!

"I was giving up in despair when I

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thought of a little strategy. This morning I walked in to see Mr. Fitzpatrick and told him that I had heard in a vague way of a Washingtonian cryptogram which might possibly be of political or military significance."

Mr. Charles Mordaunt had not looked into the printed Diaries, or he might have asked Mr. Fitzpatrick what he meant by his footnote about Washington's beginning to use symbols in 1771. So he said that he had heard "in a vague way" of something of the kind.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was graciousness itself. He declared—according to Mr. Mordaunt—that the only thing of the kind he knew was in the Diary for 1787, which was not owned by the Library but was in the possession of Mr. John Gribble of Philadelphia.

I may say here parenthetically that the 1787 volume is not in Philadelphia, but is owned by the Library of Congress. If Mr. Mordaunt had looked through the whole string of diaries, as he says he did, he must have inspected the 1787 volume. The one in Philadelphia is the 1797 diary.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick said", Mr. Mordaunt continues, "that he had noticed peculiar vertical marks against the names of women. He quoted two cases from memory. 'The name Bela, with one mark, and the name Lucy with three.'"

This information, such as it was, caused me to turn at once to the printed Diaries on my desk. I soon found that there is neither a Bela nor a Lucy mentioned even once in either the 1787 or 1797 Diaries.

The report then rambles off into a discussion of the prevailing hot weather and the desirability of Palm Beach suits. But the investigator does say that Mr. Fitzpatrick thought the marks meant the performance of tasks by female slaves; and that he intends to stop in Philadelphia and see Mr. Gribble's volume on his way to Boston.

Evidently he did not stop in Philadelphia, for the next report (without explanation about Philadelphia) comes from Boston. He writes that he has been stricken with a mysterious illness. "I need not allude to the difficult and dangerous character of this mission", he says. "Discovered anywhere in these patriotic centres my very body and freedom would have been at stake. I staked my character and as it has turned out (although the direct character of my job has nothing to do with this) my very life was almost stricken with a sudden and dangerous sickness."

In a day or so he is well again, and in the rôle of Charles Mordaunt he attacks the formidable Harvard Library. Much diplomacy follows, but he writes that the precious volume of letters is at last in range. He gets it finally, and it turns out to be the hackneyed old "Epistles Domestic, Confidential and Official from General Washington"—rank forgeries printed in London in 1777. They were exposed as spurious while Washington was still alive. There is nothing secret about this publication. Anyone can obtain the volume at any large public library by putting in an application card and waiting a few minutes.

So that was the end of the Charles Mordaunt episode. But what about Mr. Fitzpatrick's footnote, and the symbols? Mr. Liveright thought we ought to make another try at it, and Mr. J. W. Rogers—one of my personal friends—volunteered to go to Washington and find out whatever he could.

His method was very different from that of Charles Mordaunt. It was not in the detective style at all. As soon as he arrived at the Library of Congress he saw the librarian and told him what

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he had come to see. The Diaries were brought out immediately and the librarian pointed out the symbols.

"May I have photostats made of some of these pages?" Mr. Rogers asked.

"Why certainly", the librarian replied. "As many as you please."

I have the photostats before me. The symbols are certainly inexplicable, and stand there without trace or clue. In the month of June, 1771, for instance, the letter A is set down five times opposite dates—and the dates are the 4th, 9th, 19th, 23rd, and 29th.

The occurrences recorded against these dates furnish no clue whatever. On the 4th Washington wrote, "At home all day without company." On the 9th he says again, "At home all day." Very brief—and meaningless.

On the 19th he wrote: "Major Wagener went away this morning. I rid to Muddy hole and Doeg Run Plantations."

Opposite the 16th of May, 1771, he carefully marked down the two letters A F. The diary entry for that day is: "Dined at Mrs. Dangerfield's with Colo. Bassett's family, and returned in the afternoon to Eltham."

Pretty poor pickings are to be had from these symbols, and I must say that I have not the least idea what they mean. They serve only to strengthen my conviction that by nature Washington was very circumspect and very secretive.

WHITE PEACOCK

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

WHITE unicorns are easier to catch
  Than your compelling, flying mystery;
Unseen it presses on me everywhere
  Like winds upon one far at middle sea.

I know that I shall never tame your hair
  To my warm touch, and I shall never take
Your beauty wilful as an April snow
  In any snares my soul or body make.

You cover up the evening of your eyes,
  You hide the lonely singer in your breast;
Laughter you have for all and sprightliness.
  And I find beauty in you and no rest.

The stiff white peacock is as cold and gay;
  I feel the chill, smooth marble that you seem.
O lovely for the words you never say!
  O beautiful for dreams you never dream!

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A LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN WITH AN URGE TO EDIT A POPULAR MAGAZINE *

By Ray Long

ONE may be much more direct in addressing an individual than when one is addressing a crowd. Therefore I am putting this article in the form of a letter to a cousin of mine who thinks he wants to be an editor when he gets a bit older.

DEAR JIM:

The fact which most impresses me about your desire to become a magazine editor is that you feel the urge so early in your life. I know of no successful editor of a general magazine who did not have an editorship as his goal long in advance of taking his first steps in the work.

While S. S. McClure was running a little newspaper down in Illinois, he always had before him the vision of a day when he would edit a "McClure's Magazine". Quite a few years intervened before "McClure's" was born, but when it did come along, it changed the field of general magazines. (By "general" or "popular" I mean such publications as "The Saturday Evening Post", "Liberty", and "Collier's" in the weekly field; "The American", "McClure's", "The Red Book", and "Cosmopolitan" in the monthly field.) When Frank Munsey was a telegraph operator, he had before him continually the determination to publish magazines. He also influenced greatly the type of publication in the general field. George Horace Lorimer was secretary to one of the packers in Chicago, and undoubtedly destined for success as a meat packer, but he could not resist the call of printers' ink. From the day he became editor of "The Saturday Evening Post" that publication changed, and with it changed the scope of the weekly magazine. As a newspaper man in Cleveland, John Siddal dreamed of the magazine he some day must produce. When he got his chance on "The American Magazine", he put into that publication an individuality which carried it to circulation beyond the expectations of those who were associated with him.

My ambition to be an editor developed in two stages. While I was delivering telegrams for the Western Union in Indianapolis — I was not quite fourteen at the time — I determined that somehow, some way, I must become a newspaper man. To me reporters were the most picturesque figures in the world. I kept a newspaper portrait of Richard Harding Davis over the dresser in my bedroom, and made a sort of deity of him. At the end of three or four years I had made such a pest of myself in trying to get a job on the Indianapolis "News" that finally the city editor made a place for me at eight dollars a week. I have always felt that he did this on the theory that I would demonstrate that I was not qualified for the job. Then he might fire me and be rid of that per-

*The second of a series of essays from a forthcoming book on careers edited by Edward L. Bernays.

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sistent kid who was so determined to come to work on the paper but who seemed so absolutely unfitted for the work.

I fooled him by making good.

But hardly had I made good — it probably was several years, but as I look back at it now, it seems only a short time — when I took down the portrait of Davis and substituted one of John Brisben Walker. He had then founded "Cosmopolitan Magazine", and from his picturesque offices at Irvington-on-the-Hudson was issuing a publication which was startling in its vigor and enterprise. I determined then and there that some day, somehow, I must be editor of a magazine like "Cosmopolitan". Quite a few years were to pass, and quite a lot of absorbingly interesting work to intervene, but lo and behold, one day I became editor of "Cosmopolitan" — and, as they used to say in the novels, lived happily ever afterward.

Therefore, let's say that of the primary qualifications for entering this profession, you have the most important: a burning urge to be an editor. I consider it the most important qualification because, if you do achieve the position and lack that urge — that love of the work itself — there is no vocation which can be such absolute drudgery. But if you have it and keep it and it grows within you year after year, there is no work which can bring you such absolute happiness.

Having that, there comes the question of the training which best will fit you for the career. Opinions on this subject are as varied as the number of individuals whose opinions you may ask. Some advocate long preparation in college. Some wide travel. Some thorough newspaper experience. Frankly, I don't think any particular training is important. Whether you go to college, travel, work on a newspaper, it is what you do during your years of preparation that counts.

First of all, read. First, second, and last, read. Read all the time. Read anything, everything. The wider the variety of the reading, the better. Don't consider anything too highbrow to read. Don't consider anything too lowbrow to read. Read philosophy, detective stories, biographies, love stories, history, adventure stories — read anything that you can find on a printed page. Read popular magazines and unpopular magazines. Read "Snappy Stories" and THE BOOKMAN. Read "The Saturday Evening Post" and "The American Mercury". Study the English magazines to see how poorly a magazine may be put out, and study the South American magazine "Plus Ultra" to see how beautifully a magazine may be put out. Read the autobiography of Cellini and the biography of Barnum. Read "Moby Dick" and — if it still is possible to get them anywhere — some of the old Nick Carter stories. Read Tagore and Eddie Guest. Read the short stories of Irvin Cobb and Edna Ferber. They show you how writers may be perfect in workmanship and yet differ as widely as the poles in method. Read Somerset Maugham and James Oliver Curwood for the same comparison in the writing of novels. It doesn't much matter during this time whether you are in Harvard — as John Siddal was — or working in a shoe store — as I once did.

There isn't any question, however, that if as your next step you get a job on a newspaper, you will learn more about your business than you can anywhere else. You can learn even more than you could if at this stage you got on a magazine. For on a newspaper you will begin to realize that all

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successful journalists are successful merchants in reading matter.

Never lose sight of this. A newspaper is successful in proportion to the ability of its editor to sell reading matter to his community. A general or popular magazine is successful in proportion to the ability of its editor to sell reading matter to the people of the United States. The editor of such a magazine is judged solely by the circulation figures. His income will be based on the growth of circulation. And the amount of happiness he gets from his work travels alongside his circulation figures.

The people of the United States are the most catholic in reading taste of any people in the world. That is why I strongly advocate such a wide variety in your reading. Were you to let it get into grooves, were you to specialize in reading only certain things, your inclination, when you got on a magazine, would be to publish only that sort of material. And that sort of material would appeal only to those few people especially interested in it. You must publish material which will appeal to a farmer in Kansas and a banker in Boston. You must sell magazines to a housewife in a Florida village and a feminist in Greenwich Village. Of course, many other factors will enter into your success as an editor, but all those are subordinate to your taste in reading.

I am fortunate in being an editor who can and does build circulation. That may sound boastful, but it is a fact necessary to making this letter clear to you. The manner in which I build circulation is to read a tremendous number of manuscripts — I average more than 500,000 words per week; I read more manuscripts than all the other people in my organization put together — and from those manuscripts to select the reading which most interests, amuses, thrills, or entertains me. I put this within the covers of the publication and then see to it that the publication is so distributed that it may be bought by the greatest number of people. Having done, throughout my life, the sort of reading I here advocate for you, I find that my taste in selecting material corresponds with the taste of a great many other Americans to an extent that inspires them to go to the newsstands and buy the magazine.

The same thing is responsible for the success of "The Saturday Evening Post". George Horace Lorimer reads at least as much manuscript as I do. He follows the same process in selecting it. He also has a taste which appeals to a vast number of readers. Likewise John Siddal. During his lifetime "Sid" averaged several hundred thousand words a week. And the first thing one knew there were two million people buying "The American Magazine" to read the words which "Sid" had selected.

The habit which you will have formed from reading so constantly will enable you to examine this terrific amount of manuscript without fatigue. Not only to read all that manuscript, but to read current books and old books, to read other publications and never to tire of them. As Charles Hanson Towne has said so pointedly in his "Adventures in Editing" — and, by the way, there is one book which you *must* know — manuscript reading is a game. Each manuscript which you pick up is to be the best you ever read. If ever you lose that zest for diving into the pile of typewritten pages and that thrill which comes when you find it *is* the best, you may as well quit and go into some other line of work.

Now, let's go back to my advice to you to get on a newspaper. How shall

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you go about that? There is no set rule. You may feel this, however: that there is no sort of business so anxious to get bright, aggressive young men. At first the editors may rebuff you, as they did me. But if you persist, if you show that you are determined to get on a newspaper, they finally will give you a chance if only, as in my case, in the hope that thereby they may get rid of you.

First select the newspaper on which you want to work. Then keep your eyes and your ears open for the unusual that happens around you. When it happens "tip it off" to the city editor of that newspaper. Once you land a job with him, never close your eyes or ears except when you sleep — and keep one of each of them open even then. Try to learn every angle of the complicated adventure of gathering news for a daily paper, and don't be afraid to make suggestions. Which reminds me.

When I was managing editor of the Cleveland "Press", there came to work as a cub reporter an intensely nervous, high keyed young chap, who immediately began to poke his nose into every department of the paper. He wanted to know why V. V. McNitt, then my city editor, did this thing thus and so, and why I did my managing editing in this manner or that. Apparently he was reading every newspaper in the United States, because he would tell me about something unusual that the New York "World" had done, or the Denver "Post", or the Chicago "American". And suggestions! Literally, at the end of a few months we had people following him around gathering the suggestions as they dropped. Most of them were not worthwhile, but about one in ten was excellent.

I left the Cleveland "Press" to go to another paper, and when in less than a year I left that paper to go with "Hampton's Magazine", I recommended this young fellow to succeed me as editor. He could not take advantage of this opportunity because of ill health, but there wasn't any question in the world that other opportunities would come to him. They did. He took advantage of them. About five years ago this young fellow — Harry P. Burton — became editor of "McCall's Magazine". It was pretty much a pattern sheet then. Look at it now.

If I were you, I should not plan to stay more than three or four years on a newspaper. In that time you can gain most of the experience which will be of value to you later. And there is danger that, if you stay longer, the thrill of daily journalism will so get into your blood that you may never leave. Which is all right if you want to be a daily journalist. It is a thrilling, dignified, well rewarded life. But in this letter I am assuming that you want to become a magazine editor. How, then, shall you take your next step?

Mr. Lorimer got a minor position with Mr. Curtis and then began to make so many suggestions about the conduct of the magazine that, when the time came for a change of editors, Mr. Curtis said: "Well, let's give that young chap, Lorimer, a chance."

John Siddal had been an editorial executive on a newspaper in Cleveland. He gave that up to take a position as promotion writer for "The American Magazine". (I think he did this at quite a sacrifice in income, but he had selected "The American Magazine" as the publication on which he wanted to be editor. The beginning salary meant nothing to him; what he wanted was a foothold.) He wrote such unusual promotion and made such valuable

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suggestions that when John Phillips retired as editor, the management gave Siddal a chance at it.

In my own case, I was editor of a paper in Syracuse. I had selected "Hampton's Magazine" — then at the height of its popularity — as the door through which I wanted to enter the magazine field. I began by making suggestions by letter to Ben Hampton, one of the most human and most brilliant men I have ever encountered. I realize now of how little value most of my suggestions were, but in them Ben saw something which appealed to him. One day I received a telegram asking me to come to New York for a talk.

When we met, Ben said: "Well, young fellow, when are you going to quit trying to run this magazine from Syracuse and come down here and try it in New York?"

"I don't think I can get here before Monday", I answered.

And the next Monday I moved into the office next to him. We had a wonderful two years together, at the end of which I went to the "Red Book" organization. Seven years later I came with Mr. Hearst as the editor-in-chief of his magazines, particularly as editor of the one that had always been my goal — "Cosmopolitan".

I could ask nothing better for you than that you should travel the same paths that I trod; that you should have as much fun along the way as I had; and that you should be rewarded as generously as I have been. There was a time, I understand, when magazine editors were not highly paid, but today competition is so keen that the men who can build circulation command substantial incomes. There are at least three magazine editors whose incomes are double that of the President of the United States, several others whose salaries approach that of the President. But each one of these men and women — one of the highest paid editors in the world is Miss Gertrude Lane, of "The Woman's Home Companion" — is collecting something that to him really means more than money. He is enjoying every minute of his work. If he were not, he could not do the work well enough to earn that much money.

QUESTION

By Nan Belisle

AREN'T stars sky-children?
I have seen them coasting —
Coasting in the winter —
Coasting down the snowbanks of heaven's tall cloud hills.

They swim in the sky-pool in summer —
I've seen their white arms flashing.

Stars are sky-children.

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THOMAS BURKE

By Edwin Björkman

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

ANYONE with a love for strong color and brisk action can enjoy the work of Thomas Burke. But to savor it fully, one must bear in mind sympathetically the three main factors that have combined to make his art what it is. The first of these is the soil from which he sprang: the London East End; the life of the slums; the sounds and sights and mysterious doings of the dock district, where, "on the flood-tide, floats from Limehouse the bitter-sweet alluring smell of Asia". The second is the metropolis itself, in its vast and protean entirety, which every evening, when the human ebb retires from its heart to the suburbs, "affords an event as full of passion and wonder as any Eastern occasion". The third is his devotion to beauty, to all forms of art that strive genuinely to express it, and, above all, to "the secret beauty that lies behind the material beauty of colour and sound" . . . a devotion born and nursed among surroundings and under circumstances so adverse that its triumphant survival seems little short of a miracle. In view of the continued dominance of these factors over his art, there are moments when I wonder whether anyone may grasp the innermost spirit of it, especially in his later and more introspective work, who has not himself been teased by the chimeric dream of perfect beauty; who has not in person felt the appalling, sphinxlike lure of the greatest city on the earth; and who has not himself risen from one of those submerged layers of the social structure whence issued so inexplicably the creator of "Limehouse Nights" and "More Limehouse Nights", of "The London Spy", of "The Wind and the Rain", of "East of Mansion House", and, most recently, of "The Sun in Splendour".

Out of the classes more and more apologetically termed the "lower" are formed the broad basis and main bulk of the social pyramid, which in England tapers to a vanishing apex of nobility and royalty. But Havelock Ellis tells us in his "Study of British Genius" that, in order to visualize the relative distribution of exceptionally gifted men and women among the various strata of the pyramid, we have to turn it upside down. This does not mean that genius may not lie dormant to an unsuspected degree among those doomed to live at the bottom, with all the rest of the social contents pressing down upon them. It means simply that among them the handicap is so great that only a scattered few can fight their way into those realms of beautiful endeavor which seem above all others to require a certain amount of leisure and peace of mind for admission to them. Thomas Burke is one of these rare few, and his success in breaking out of his native environment is the more notable because he started from the undermost surface . . . from a region lying even lower socially than the miner's cottage which originally sheltered D. H. Lawrence . . . and because he has never

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shown any inclination to forget his starting point.

It is not without significance that, in his striking autobiographical novel, "The Wind and the Rain", Mr. Burke makes no reference to the place of his birth or to his parents. That they were dead at the beginning of the story we may assume from the fact that later he was admitted to an orphanage. But who and what they were we do not know. One might almost think that the author took pride in suggesting that he had sprung out of absolute nothingness . . . and from the viewpoint of the social apex, he might just as well. We become aware of him for the first time as a boy of nine, living with an uncle in the London district of Poplar, adjacent to the great docks and the region particularly favored by Chinamen and all sorts of foreigners. Like other children of that picturesque but morally indifferent region, he was free of the streets, and he used his freedom to the utmost, though in a manner that would probably have aroused the scorn even of his natural playmates. Where they scoffed and jeered and hated, he found friendship and solace and a way to wisdom beyond his years and condition. "Low" as was his own class, judged by the accepted social gauge, there were others still lower, and to these — the unregistered and uncherished classes comprising the criminal and the prostitute, the informer and his victims, the Chink and the oriental flotsam of the docks — his interest and his sympathy went out from the first. Without ever becoming more than a visitor in their strangely self sufficient world, he learned to know its drab byways and suspicious glamours, its daily horrors and its occasions of resplendent tragedy.

The uncle of little Tommy, "the boy with the sharp nose", had been an innkeeper and was a gardener when brought on the scene in "The Wind and the Rain". He was a wise man in his humble way, holding that God might be worshiped as well in the streets or in one's bedroom as in the churches. From him and his chums at "The Barge Aground" must have come some of the gentle and tolerant philosophy that runs like a soothing, harmonious undercurrent beneath all the soul stirring stories later told by his nephew. Among those chums was the "housekeeper", or lockup guard, of the local police station. When this man began to talk about the outlandish doings in the Causeway, where centres the Chinatown of London, then little Tommy became so "entrapped" that, as he tells us now, "he could recount some of the stories to this day, word for word, pause for pause". How many of those stories are to be found in "Limehouse Nights" and "More Limehouse Nights", we do not know, but we may guess.

The boy's dearest friend during those early years, however, was an old Chinamen, named Quong Lee in "The Wind and the Rain", whose shop he visited clandestinely and ecstatically, receiving from him bits of ginger, monosyllabic remarks, and the incipiency of a mystic dream of beauty that was to pursue him through many purgatorial years, until at last it half goaded and half guided him into the comparative heaven of artistic self realization. "In that shop", writes Mr. Burke, "I knew what some people seek in church and others seek in taverns." There, too, he learned to know "all the beauty and all the evil of the heart of Asia; its cruelty, its grace and its wisdom".

What would have happened if the Lady of the Big House where the uncle worked as gardener had not begun to "take an interest" in little Tommy,

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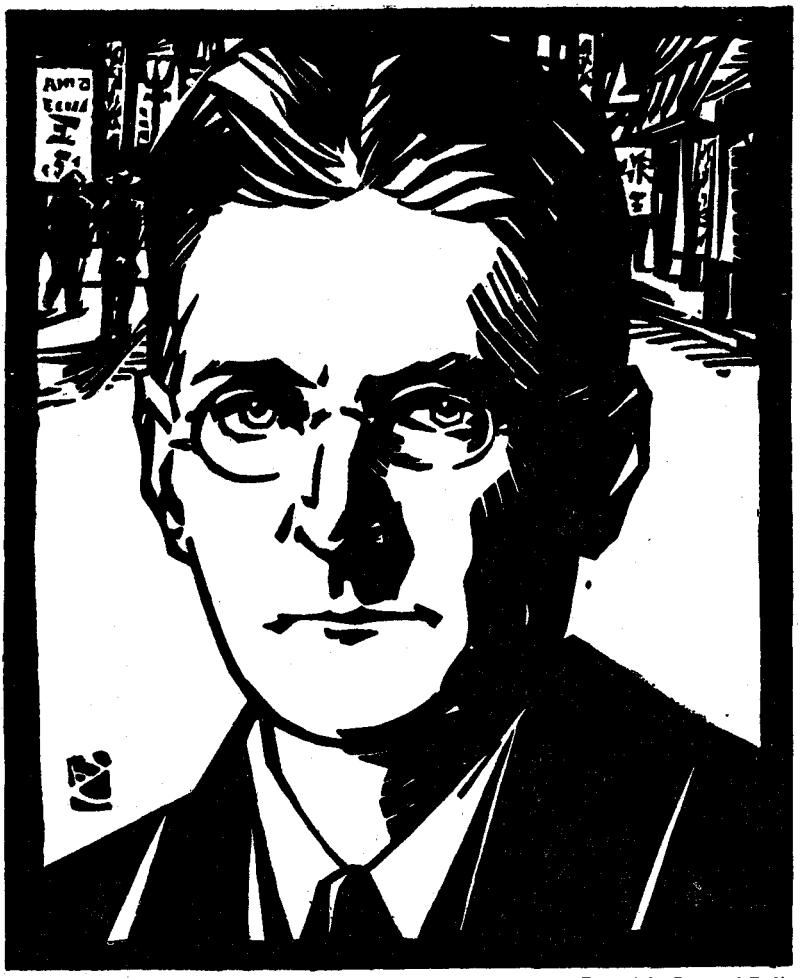

Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

Thomas Burke

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with his "oo's", his "not 'alf's", his dropped "aitches", his Bible "tex" learned by rote, and his shy dreams of something ineffable, who can tell? As it was, that interest tore him out of the kindly company of "The Barge Aground", away from the mystically inspiring presence of Quong Lee, giving him instead four years of unspeakable humiliation, oppression, and spiritual mortification in an orphanage where, under the guise of Christian charity, he was brought nearer to hell than he had ever come while still haunting the lanes and back alleys and dark arches of Limehouse. Thence he emerged on the edge of adolescence, a little seared of soul, full of terrifying knowledge, and yet as innocent at heart as any child cradled in Mayfair. His uncle was dead. He was absolutely alone in the world, a queer, uncouth boy of fourteen, and he was held lucky to get a pitifully humble place among the nameless and unnumbered white collar multitudes serving as a foundation for that pyramid of wealth and prosperous enterprise known to all the rest of the world as the City. And once more that boy, so peculiarly immune to poisons that would have killed or eternally warped most other striplings, had to spend years in a purgatory bordering on hell itself . . . four endlessly long years during which, "night after night, he went hungry to bed, actively hungry".

Yet it was during those very years that he began to study London as, before him, under conditions not very dissimilar, it had been studied by the young Dickens and the young Machen — with a passionate love, and an eye for beauty, and a sense for half hidden mysteries that by and by were to make their possessor one of the most convincing painters of the high lights and dark shadows, the glamour and glory and shame, of what is probably the world's most marvelous city. At seven o'clock he was free of the streets, as he had been years before, and night after night he tramped innumerable miles in "muzzy exaltation", drugging himself with the infinitely variable atmosphere of those streets, and returning at last to his dreary den "hot and dazed". Each night he carried back with him a little parcel of pictures: "The haze of a fried-fish bar. The tinkle of an organ hidden in a back street. A lamp in an alley giving just enough light to make darkness horrible. The reek and murk of a public-house. The massed lights of factories hung, as it were, from the sky. The gleam and gush of drapers' windows. Voices mourning or crying from unseen points. Street-corner groupings carven out of shadow. Strange life moving behind curtained windows or half-open doors."

It was that period, too, which brought his discovery of reading and literature and poetry. A paper picked up by chance in a cheap coffee shop flung open doors which until then had been not only closed but unsuspected. Starved already, he stinted himself still further to buy low priced editions of the classic poets. The possibilities of the circulating library also became revealed to him, and he read in a fever, omnivorously, but with small realization and scant returns. All he got out of it was a vague desire to write . . . something. More light did not come until he had found what was to be a lifelong love, equaling what he felt for the Causeway and for the great city itself. Music, once encountered in its higher manifestations, became part of himself as much as the underworld of his childhood and the dream of the ineffable started by old Quong Lee's shop. Though he was incapable of musical expression himself, the music

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that he drank in with open ears and heart seemed to take firm lodgment in his mind and gradually come forth again as a curiously stirring melody of words.

He began to write. In fact, from the first moment of his authorial start, he was writing all the time, and in conditions that to the overwhelming majority of mankind would have seemed too hideously hopeless for sustained effort of any kind. He wrote reams, on paper when he could get it, otherwise on backs of envelopes, on scraps of wrapping, on anything. And always he wrote with one purpose, one scene, in his mind. He wanted to express one moment in a London street . . . the moment when he stood looking into Quong Lee's shop and the old Chinaman for the first time beckoned him to come in. That moment was to him what conversion is to the pious believer. And so, at sixteen, he sold his first story for a fabulous guinea and thought himself arrived . . . only to find that he had not yet made a real start. It was this writing, however, such as it was, that finally took him out of the City as a rebel to its discipline and flung him back into the streets, a starving, homeless waif more than ever. Then, after a relatively happy period within the grotesquely joyous world of the music halls, he returned briefly to the world of his beginnings, to the Causeway and Quong Lee. It was after meeting the latter once more, a dishonored but philosophic outcast being deported at the completion of his punishment for having conducted an opium den of more than customary disrepute, that young Thomas Burke saw the light fully for the first time, and the stories began to appear which quickly made him famous. It was as if the dream planted in his soul by the old Chinaman could not assume tangible shape until Quong Lee himself had vanished out of the picture forever. Then the moment of greatest joy merged with that of keenest sorrow, and a writer was born.

The rest of Mr. Burke's story need not be told. "Limehouse Nights" made him. The filming of the first story in that collection under the title of "Broken Blossoms" spread his name across the globe. Since then he has produced many volumes, all eminently readable and worth reading. But the ones that really count are those mentioned in the beginning of this article. He has written poetry, but his verse does not rise to the high level of his prose. His studies of the London scene, though excellent, do not compare in significance with his stories or novels. The first of the novels, "Twinkletoes", though good as everything he has written, may also be left aside as being in essence an expanded short story. It suggests that its author had not yet found his bearings in that less concentrated medium. "The Wind and the Rain", on the other hand, and still more his latest work, "The Sun in Splendour", though the first is autobiographical to be sure, are true novels, clearly indicative of a new growth, taking him beyond the highly specialized themes that both carry and limit his short stories.

What is it that catches and holds and charms us in these stories? The pleasantly shocking novelty of the general atmosphere first of all, I suppose. But the appeal of mere novelty wanes with familiarity, and I have read those vibrant tales of Mr. Burke's earlier volumes several times without any slackening of interest. The first startled impression is gone forever. Their subtler appeal remains undiminished. This appeal must touch something that lurks very deep down in my soul. They

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are full of flamboyant colors, of course . . . colors as tempting and intimidating as those of a tropical jungle . . . colors that glow with the fierceness of living flames when set against the grey background of a modern slum. The life painted with the magic of those colors is remarkably primitive, and for this reason more directly expressive than that to which our daily well regulated existences have accustomed us. Passions and desires otherwise carefully suppressed are there flaunted openly and as openly indulged. The savage in us may be gloating over those stories, but perhaps he is also assuaged and rendered harmless by them. Revenge, of which we civilized creatures hardly dare to dream any longer, stalks unashamed on every page of the earlier work. There is love, too, brutal or sublime, and there is self sacrifice, and the unwritten law of the jungle. But above all of these revenge thrones supreme, the chief motive of a majority of the stories, and perchance the first sign of an impending exit from savagery . . . for anger is momentary, and well known to brute life, but revenge must wait and plan. It may be held the first specifically human emotion, with a special lure for us who, unwillingly, are persuaded to forget it.

Perhaps, however, the main secret of the appeal exerted by the stories of Mr. Burke may be sought in his attitude toward the life he portrays. He remarks somewhere of Morland's canvases, that "half their charm lies in the fact that he saw his subjects on the level: that he was instinctively of them". This may with equal propriety be said of Mr. Burke's own work. To him may also be applied what he writes of Charlie Chaplin: "Like all men who are born in exile, outside the gracious inclosures of life, he does not forget those early years." Mr. Burke has left behind the underworld where he spent those years, but he is still of it. He has been accepted within "the gracious inclosures", and he despises them both as an artist and a former denizen of Limehouse. He pours scorn on "the land of the half-intellectuals and the bland drivel of drawing-rooms and the sleek grace that lures the impressionable away from beauty". He is not an impressionable of this type. Defiantly he asserts that "low" company is not for "the mean-spirited, who fear its candours and fly from it to their drawing-rooms and dissembling gestures".

Always and in every way he remains mercilessly truthful, refusing to falsify or sentimentalize the strange, rough, intense life he shows us. He is frank and outspoken in his references to many things forming an inalienable phase of that life, but not open to discussion in more "refined" gatherings. His very frankness, however, is characterized by an instinctive sense for the right word that should constitute an excuse in itself. Nevertheless he has been called vulgar, and this criticism he resents, pointing out that, in this respect, all great art is vulgar . . . the art of Fielding and Dickens no less than that of Homer and the Old Testament writers. Christ himself, "the greatest of artists", was vulgar, says old Scollard in "The Sun in Splendour", and on that account Mr. Burke thinks the more of Him. But at heart this man, graduated from one of England's supposedly most foul spots, is gloriously pagan . . . pagan in the same manner and spirit as his little "Gina from the Chinatown" who "opened new doors to the people of Poplar, showing them the old country to which to-day excursions are almost forbidden; the country of the dear brown earth and the naked flesh, of the wine-cup and

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flowers and kisses and Homeric laughter". It is, I presume, on all the qualities here suggested, and not solely on any one among them, that his irresistible appeal rests in those stories that will always be primarily associated with his name . . . stories that have brought one more slice of humanity within the ken of literature and of thinking, open minded, beauty loving readers.

The line of his novels is barely opened. And the autobiographical character of "The Wind and the Rain" makes it a little uncertain as a sample of what may be expected hereafter. It is a beautiful tale exquisitely told, a soul searching and bravely veracious record: tender, poignant, moving, and illumined by an astute understanding of the child as well as of human nature in general. But the story is his own, the child himself, and every man is said to hide one such book in his mental makeup. "The Sun in Splendour" is different . . . his first determined and sustained effort to break away from what theretofore had been his too exclusive setting. Even here Limehouse, with its inevitable crimes, its sadistic proclivities, its precarious existence above and beyond the law, may be sensed, though under new forms and new names. Even here one notes a certain tendency to repetition, a willingness to use over again familiar scenes and characters and themes, indicating that the author's imaginative quality may be centred in expression rather than in the actual creation of new life. But the horizons of this work are wider, the superficial movements of life less predominant, the human analysis far more profound. The central figure and his wonderfully attractive old father are quite novel, unlike anything in the stories . . . a foiled dreamer about beauty, and a real creator of it foiled by the nature of his success, both taken out of a life that belongs to no one city or district.

To some extent "The Sun in Splendour" may be described as a book by an artist for artists, but in its wider implications it reaches far beyond that restricted field. It is bursting with sincerity, and with candor of a more sensitive, more spiritual kind. It may not belong with the great novels of all time, but it has a vicelike grip on one's attention and is not easily forgotten when read. Christopher Scollard in "The Sun in Splendour" is more or less identical with Tommy in "The Wind and the Rain", and both with Mr. Burke himself. Of Christopher we are told toward the end of his story that "he was facing what many a young artist has to face; the knowledge that he was only a skilled craftsman". Yet this latest work of Mr. Burke's, as well as all else done by him before, gives evidence of an incorruptible striving for genuine artistic values, plus a capacity for recognizing "the secret beauty lying behind the material beauty of colour and sound" that can generally be found in similar measure, with similar intensity, only among writers who possess within themselves at least the possibility of greatness. And Mr. Burke is not yet forty, I understand. His artistic career is merely begun. It will be wise to watch him well, and it will be safe, I think, to place high hopes on whatever he will do hereafter, no matter what form it may take.

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"HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

By Bartlett Cormack

THE theory that in the last fifteen years the world and its fundamental conceptions have turned upside down and inside out and gone off on a new tack, heretofore held by rather clangorous young novelists, meditative parents, and manufacturers of women's cotton hose, has received the imprimatur of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and accordingly may now be accepted as a fact.

The Britannica, in the new volumes that make up its thirteenth edition, just published, does not merely admit that times have changed. It declares, enthusiastically. It steps out at the head of the modernism parade, so to speak, and with a full brass band. The announcement of its new edition states that "the sixteen recent and marvelous years have transformed the conditions, the mind, and the outlook of all civilizations" so that "nothing can ever be the same again". And having swallowed the cow with such forthrightness, it refuses to choke on the tail. With an extra flirt of the baton it asserts, "In a period of a few years, the United States has become the strongest and wealthiest single power in the world." "Hail, Columbia" from the band.

The new volumes back up these pronouncements. Their articles show that the Great Authority has gone modern and, significantly, American, with an enthusiasm and to an extent that must shiver the timbers of the Old Subscribers of both England and the United States who have used that encyclopædia to reassure themselves that whatever is true is dead, and sung "Rule, Britannica" when any question of authority lurched up to disturb the Conservative Peace.

There are scores of familiar Americans among the 1,100 contributors to the new Britannica, from Henry Ford through Harry Houdini to Gilbert Seldes; and that they, rather than the usual obscure English professors and officials with the usual chunks of the alphabet after their names, are there is evidence enough that the Britannica has changed its tack. But when one reads in the description of the articles on and related to American literature in this edition that "In American literature a revolution has taken place during the last two decades", and discovers that H. L. Mencken, Henry S. Canby, Robert Morss Lovett, Carl Van Doren, Louis Untermeyer, and W. E. B. DuBois are the writers of those articles, one appreciates what a revolution has taken place in the Britannica itself. *I* expected to find an article by Maxwell Bodenheim, on "Literary Controversy", say, with the turn of every page.

For in previous editions the Britannica's attitude toward American literature was distinctly, well, reminiscent. A well known critic hit off that attitude to me at the performance of a farcical mystery play a year ago. On the stage a man had tumbled from a closet, apparently dead. The reporter and one of the detectives of the piece had carried the body off. Suddenly they rushed back to tell the other detective that the body had "come to and mut-

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tered something about a guy named Poe".

DETECTIVE: Poe? Who can that be?

REPORTER: The only Poe I ever heard of was Edgar Allan Poe.

DETECTIVE: Get 'im on the 'phone!

"That detective", whispered my critic friend, "studied American literature from the Britannica."

Professor George Edward Woodberry "did" American literature for the eleventh edition of the Britannica, published in 1911. He closed the obituary by writing, "The romantic motives . . . have been exhausted, and no new motives have been found. . . . There has been no product of ideas since Emerson. . . . America is, in truth, perhaps intellectually more remote from Europe than in its earlier days . . . the imaginative life is feeble, and when felt is crude; the poetic pulse is imperceptible." That may have been a fair generalization of the condition of the moment, though it may be asked whether in selecting writers for necessarily fluid subjects a great encyclopædia should not have chosen "authorities" who could see beyond their noses. There was some imaginative life in American literature then, yes. But it was "crude". And Professor Woodberry's nose turned up so high at the crudeness that it — his nose — obstructed his sight. But in those days, of course, the only faculty American literary critics possessed was that of smell.

A decade passed, and the Britannica published three new volumes as its twelfth edition in 1921. This time Professor William Lyon Phelps contributed the remarks on American literature. Professor Phelps raised the dead by noting that realism had begun to animate the corpse, though when at the end of his bibliographical survey he wrote, "The experimental school of fiction had a representative in Theodore Dreiser", one caught his nose tilting too. Exactly what was "experimental" about a writer who at the time that myopic sentence was written had published five novels, two volumes of plays, two travel books, two volumes of short stories, and a book of essays, all in the same method, and all advancing the same philosophy with the power of an elephant's foot? Such questions did not rise on the Woodberry-Phelps, and accordingly the Britannica, side of the fence.

The significant thing about this new Britannica is that it has jumped the fence and left contributor critics whose only sense is smell behind. Its point of view is sharply liberal — the Old Subscribers will say radical — now. And its point of view has governed its choice of contributors, so that on American literature since 1910 it presents Messrs. Canby, Lovett, Van Doren, Untermeyer, and DuBois; and on the American language, Mr. Mencken, Himself. American literature in this Britannica accordingly has genuine life. It squares with the modern current of ideas.

Mr. Canby writes a general survey of American literature since 1910, and does it superbly well. His article is a model and, in this day of muddy thinking and slovenly craftsmanship in criticism, a brilliant job of condensed exposition and generalization. It flashes with ideas and inferences — mental springboards from which one dives into suddenly revealed pools in the subject and rises drenched with understanding. "The idea became more important than the form in fiction" about 1910, Mr. Canby says, when the æstheticism of the nineties, the cult of force and moral manliness (*vide* Kipling), and romanticism lost their momentum as

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literary movements, and a determination "to make literature square with new facts" was born. But it was not until the war gave the United States "a new perspective of America as a nation among nations", and loosed its creative energy, that the new force began to show in American writing as "realism thoroughly national in character". American democracy entered American literature, "not, as Whitman conceived it, a band of equalitarian brothers, but as a bourgeoisie of everyday people, not class conscious, the product of industrialism and uplift". And "as industrialism tends more and more throughout the world to produce men and women of the American habit of life, this gives an importance to the new American fiction that is quite independent of its absolute artistic merit". Which means that "Sinclair Lewis's 'Main Street' (1920) and 'Babbitt' (1922) have a symbolic value comparable in kind, if not in degree, to 'Hamlet' and 'Anna Karenina'." The old naïveté in American literature is gone. "Inevitably the new area of investigation has spread to those questions of sex which psychology had revealed as of high importance." And though this new literature has had an "uneven artistic advance" (in it, Mr. Canby pithily points out, "honesty frequently outran art"), craftsmanship, "always the weak point in American literature, has notably advanced in the hands of such skilful workmen as Hergesheimer, Cabell, Frost, Elinor Wylie, and Mrs. Edith Wharton, until crudity can no longer be regarded as a concomitant of strength in American writing".

Mr. Untermeyer's article on American poetry of the last fifteen years strikes the same sure key. The "new era" in American poetry dates from 1914, for within a year Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, James Oppenheim, Robert Frost, John Gould Fletcher, and H. D., "the poets who were to become the leaders of the renaissance, issued their first challenging volumes". A year later Masters, Sandburg, Robinson, and Sara Teasdale appeared, and the next year, Edna Millay. The fight — literally — was on, developing under "Amy Lowell's belligerent championship" of the imagists into a three year battle over free verse. The poetic pulse was no longer "imperceptible" in the United States. There were realists, rhapsodists, and lyricists in American poetry, all pulsing at once. Mr. Untermeyer names and describes forty one of them and their books, using most of his three columns (three columns on modern American poetry in the Britannica!) for a discussion of the realists and imagists and their ideas, of course, but giving the minors a more intelligent and hospitable look than one suspects any minor ever received in an encyclopædia before.

Mr. Van Doren, importantly, brings the Public into the story in his article on the new American fiction by hooking the fact that since 1898 there has gradually come into existence in the United States "a public which was impatient of a certain genteel smugness characteristic of much of the fiction produced at the close of the 19th century and the beginning of the 20th". That the Public exerts a tremendous influence on the literature (*sic*) of its time is known to everyone but literary critics; and by recognizing that the Public constitutes one of the equations in literature Mr. Van Doren becomes the exception that proves the rule. "Naturalism", then — Mr. Van Doren does not use "realism" — was put into American fiction by Stephen Crane, David Graham Phillips, Hamlin Garland, Frank Norris, Jack London, Up-

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ton Sinclair, Dreiser, and O. Henry, and finally shouldered "over" by Dreiser in, say, 1910. The literature of protest arrived. Robert Herrick "bitterly arraigned the conventional American ideals about marriage and about money". Sinclair Lewis "won a hearing for an issue never before made popular in the United States", that against "the dullness of life". Sherwood Anderson engaged "in the same assault upon stupidity". However, Tarkington "has been content . . . to accept contemporary life on virtually its own terms and to make observant and agreeable fun of its follies"; and Mrs. Wharton still applies "a method inherited from Henry James to the representation of fashionable life". Elinor Wylie, Carl Van Vechten, and Hergesheimer have "a taste for exquisite decoration", while Hergesheimer goes further by making "striking drama out of various profound problems of character". And "Cabell is as eminent among modern American romancers as Dreiser is among the naturalists".

This "realism in the collection of fact and observation of phenomena", which these three critics stress as giving the new American literature its characteristic force and tone, Mr. Lovett finds informing current history, biography, and criticism. With the possible exception of poetry, criticism is "the field of most striking development in American literature between 1910-26", his article declares. "We find at the beginning of the period a well-entrenched group of critics carrying on the traditions of Lowell and Whipple, devoted to maintaining the æsthetic standards of classicism, the ethical standards of Puritanism, the social ideals and individual tastes for which President Harding later coined the word 'normalcy'." Huneker was the exception that proved that rule. Then came Mencken, and criticism became not quite so classical, nor indeed so ethical. And by 1924, Mr. Lovett finds, those critical "traditions of Lowell and Whipple" were dead. Mencken had "become for the moment the greatest critical force in America". Mr. Lovett notes that this period is "remarkable for the number of narratives of personal experience which divided with fiction the favour of the reading public". But he fails to discuss the sudden popularity of non-fiction material generally during the past few years, a fact so significant that it is keeping editors of all-fiction magazines awake nowanights, and making fortunes for publishers of tough minded books that ten, yes, five years ago would not have sold one thousand copies throughout the land.

American Negro literature, Mr. DuBois explains, had "a renaissance" about 1910. It occurred "because of oppression, because the spread of education made self-expression possible, and because a larger number of these 10,000,000 people were raising themselves above the lowest poverty". It first manifested itself in autobiography that continued the self revelations of Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington. Fiction, essays that considered the Negro's social problems, scientific studies, and poetry — that of Countee Cullen, James Weldon Johnson, and Langston Hughes, for example — followed, until today the volume, and merit, of Negro literature in the United States is considerable. Mr. DuBois notes also the significant growth, and prosperity, of the Negro press throughout the land, and the influence on the "black Americans" of "The Crisis", the Negro magazine begun in 1910.

And there is Mr. Mencken in this

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new Britannica, writing the article "Americanism", and doing the job in his characteristically cogent, pungent style, and with sound scholarship and dignity throughout. An Americanism, the godpa of Americanisms instructs, is "(a) any word or combination of words which, taken into the English language in the United States, has not gained acceptance in England, or, if accepted, has retained its sense of foreignness; and (b) any word or combination of words which, becoming archaic in England, has continued in good usage in the United States". "The American dialect of English was firmly established by the time the Republic was well started, and in the half-century following it departed more and more from standard English." The settlement of the west "made for grotesque looseness in speech", out of which rose neologisms that worked their way back east; and by 1840, say, "everyday American had become almost unintelligible to an Englishman. . . . It was bold and lawless in its vocabulary, careless of grammatical niceties, and further disfigured by a drawling manner of speech." After the Civil War efforts were made "to police the language", "the schoolmarm revealed all her immemorial preciosity", and "a clan of professional grammarians arose". But the effort flopped. "A new and vigorous American slang came into being, and simultaneously the common speech began to run amok. That common speech today is almost lawless. As Ring Lardner reports it, it seems destined in a few generations to dispose altogether of the few inflections that remain in English." *And* since the war, the increase in travel and other intercommunication between England and America has tended to halt the differentiation of the two dialects until — "the tail begins to wag the dog".

"Hail, Columbia!"

OLD STORY

By Robert Wolf

BEFORE their marriage, one had never known
Whether the man could settle down or not:
For instance, that wild tale of the jawbone,
And other rumors better left forgot.
His wife was wise, however, never stressed
Her private views too sharply; having shown
What she and all his friends considered best,
She let him strictly otherwise alone.

He never was betrayed — the simple truth
As all our best inscriptions prove, was this:
He seems at length to have realized how uncouth
Departure from good standards really is,
And trimmed his beard himself, and clipped his hair,
Because he envied their superior air.

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THE REAL MUSKETEERS

By Herbert S. Gorman

THE hook nosed and fierce visaged youth who, riding on a wind galled yellow pony, cantered into "The Three Musketeers" on the first Monday of the month of April, 1626, and into the annals of French romantic fiction in 1844, did not exist alone in the flamboyant fancy of Alexandre Dumas. D'Artagnan, for that was his name, had ridden straight out of Courtilz de Sandraz's "Memoirs of Monsieur d'Artagnan" and into the alembic of the French quadroon novelist, that alembic wherein history, extravagant imagination, gusto, humor, and fantastic trifles mingled so happily and to such good purpose so far as the satisfaction of the future was concerned. Indeed, the companions in arms of d'Artagnan, that trio whose oath was *tous pour un, un pour tous*, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, were as real as the Gascon himself; that is, they existed in history and were translated for the purposes of romance into the devil-may-care, swashbuckling swordsmen of Dumas. The novelist found them in the work of de Sandraz, first of all, and because of this, because de Sandraz was the gateway, so to speak, it is proper to note, first of all, this ancient writer and his place in French literary history.

Courtilz de Sandraz was both an ambitious soldier and a prolific writer. He was born in Montargis in 1644 and, following the career of arms, he rose to a captaincy in the regiment of Champagne. Between campaigns he wrote books, more or less literary, which were published in Holland, a country to which de Sandraz migrated when various episodes in France rendered life there for him a bit too strenuous. In 1694, after a period of exile, he returned to Paris where, eight years later, he got into trouble because of his "Les Annales de Paris et de la Cour" and was promptly clapped into the Bastille where he cooled his heels for nine years. In 1711 he was released and proceeded to celebrate his liberty, curiously enough, by contracting a third marriage. This probably proved too much for him, for within a year he shuffled off this mortal coil. De Sandraz was a facile and voluminous writer, and nearly all of his work took the form of biography or pseudo memoirs. Into this material he injected a dash and spirit that carried it swiftly along. He enlarged upon his subjects, of course, and Voltaire himself thought the man serious enough to issue a warning against placing a too great credence upon the statements in his books.

Seventeenth century life in France, and particularly Paris, comes to vivid life in the pages of de Sandraz. Intrigue, illicit amours, swashbuckling, political machinations, all the colored embroideries of a debauched court, spice his narratives. The "Memoirs of Monsieur d'Artagnan, Captain-Lieutenant of the First Company of the King's Musketeers", published at the Hague, is a masterpiece in its way. Its account of the great musketeer's life is indubitably enlarged and fictionalized by a deal of apocryphal matter, legends, and backstairs stories,

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but it is also apparent that de Sandraz had access to documents, letters, and the memories of men who knew d'Artagnan. The musketeer appears as a much less decorous figure than he is presented in the romances of Dumas, but even so the Gascon, with his ready wit, his ready sword, and his skill in an emergency, is a likable enough soldier of fortune. Dumas — and it is a testimony of his naturally pure taste — softened and idealized the belligerent warrior.

It was in 1844 that "The Three Musketeers" appeared, an *annus mirabilis* in which Dumas gave his eager readers "Amaury", "La Bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe", "Le Château d'Eppstein", "Le Comte de Monte Cristo", "Fernande", "Gabriel Lambert", "Histoire d'un Casse-Noisette", "Sylvandire", "Cécile", and "Louis XIV et Son Siècle". This sounds impossible until we realize that Dumas employed a number of collaborators who did much of his research for him and, indeed, often an actual share of the writing. It is no part of this article to enter into the vexatious and much disputed argument as to how far Dumas was responsible for his own books, but it is clear enough that without him his collaborators got nowhere. He was the force, the vitality, behind these ventures. That he borrowed from right and left, revised history to suit his own purposes, and employed assistants is matter for another essay. Here it is proper only to consider his musketeers, and discover, so far as one may, who were their prototypes.

First of all, there are the musketeers as a body. There were two companies of them, the first being created by Louis XIII in 1622. It was formed entirely from an ancient bodyguard of the King called the Carabins. Later they were armed with muskets. These men, ranging at enlistment from seventeen to twenty years of age, were soldiers of fortune, large and brawny, brave to madness, and young gentlemen belonging to the better class families of the kingdom, to the *noblesse*, equally reckless and quarrelsome. Beautifully habited in blue cassocks adorned with huge silver crosses in flames of gold which ended in fleurs de lis, and hung with galloons of silver lace, they must have made an impressive appearance as they paraded through Paris on their large grey horses, following their drums and fifes. Before them flew their standard, a white satin banner bearing a bomb hurled from a mortar and about to drop on a town and the motto, *Quo ruit et lethum.* The second company, founded in 1660 and riding black horses, was less richly garmented. It belonged originally to Cardinal Mazarin and followed a banner depicting twelve arrows pointing downward and the motto, *Alterius Jovis altera tela.* The first company had its quarters in the rue du Bac, 15, while the second lived in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

These men distinguished themselves from the beginning. During campaigns they lodged near the King's headquarters, one company to his right and the other to his left. They played an important part at the taking of Valenciennes in 1677 and at Fontenoy in 1745 they bore themselves with a fierce courage that is historical. They were abolished in 1776, reorganized again in 1789, disbanded by the Republic in 1791, brought to life during the Restoration of 1814, and finally suppressed for all time in 1815. These musketeers of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, however, were but sad caricatures of those mustachioed centaurs of early

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days. They had, in reality, passed with earlier history, ridden like figures of romance from a scene where their boldness, their devil-may-care qualities, their bland disrespect for ordinances, their confirmed addiction to dueling, and their swaggering quarrels had become anachronisms. With cloaks and plumes flying and bright rapiers flashing in the sun they belonged to an *ancien régime*. They were the very stuff of romance, and the thought of their steel shod horses striking bright sparks from the cobbles of old Paris as they dashed into the courtyard of the Louvre on the King's business is enough to stir the blood of any man between the ages of three and ninety three.

The great Captain-Lieutenant of the First Company of the King's Musketeers was Jean-Arnaud alias Arnaud-Jean du Peyrer, *premier* Comte de Troisvilles, who figures in Dumas's romances as de Treville. Dumas presents him as a son of a companion in arms of Henri IV, but the truth is that the father of this soldier was Jean du Peyrer, a merchant bourgeois. This is like Dumas, to raise the rank of his characters wherever possible. Troisvilles entered the King's service in 1616 and in the years that followed served often at the front, at the siege of Soissons, at the siege of Caen, at the attack on Cé, and at the sieges of Saint-Jean-d'Angely, de Clérac, and Montauban. He was with the guards all this time, but in 1625 — after nine years' service — he was appointed a cornet of the first company of musketeers. He distinguished himself at the siege of Rochelle, was wounded, became a lieutenant, and in 1632 was appointed commander of the corps. Bassompierre states: "*A l'attaque du bourg de Rouvroy ce fut encore Tresville qui chargea à la tête des mousquetaires; cette action fut conduite avec tant de bravoure par Tresville, que Louis XIII decida dès lors de lui confier le commandement de ce corps.*" This, then, is the man to whom d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis looked up as to a guide, protector, and second father. It remains to see who these four men were about whom Dumas has woven his greatest romantic effort. Naturally enough d'Artagnan comes first.

Charles de Batz-Castelmore, the fifth son of Bertrand de Batz, seigneur de Castelmore, and of Françoise de Montesquiou, was born about 1623 at Lupiac, and — "But stop!" exclaims the reader. "Stop this dull stuff! I want to hear about d'Artagnan." Dear reader, this *is* d'Artagnan. He took the name of d'Artagnan when he came up to Paris in 1640, for that particular territory belonged in his mother's family. He probably thought that the two names he bore, Batz — his father's name — and Castelmore — being the name of the château belonging to his father—were hardly notorious enough for his future. "In 1640!" exclaims the reader again. "Did not d'Artagnan ride into Meung on the first Monday of the month of April, 1626? Does not your dull article begin so?" That, dear reader, was the fault of Alexandre Dumas. D'Artagnan was three years old in 1626 and could hardly have straddled a yellow pony at that age, however wind galled the horse might be. Dumas, to suit his own purposes and adjust his theme to various historical episodes, merely pushed forward the Gascon's entrance into a life of adventure by some fourteen years. After all, what are fourteen years among friends? So let there be no more interruptions on the reader's part and let him understand that French history according to facts

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and French history according to Alexandre Dumas are two different things.

Charles de Batz-Castelmore-d'Artagnan, then, entered Paris in 1640, a tall, raw boned, Gascon youth with a long sword slapping against his sinewy thigh. He already had two brothers, Charles and Paul, in the musketeers. Soon after his entrance into the capital he met Athos, Porthos, and Aramis — who were not, as de Sandraz claims, brothers — and with them found himself mixed up in the duels with the Cardinal's guardsmen that form the opening chapters of "The Three Musketeers". It is interesting to observe that the first six chapters of Dumas's romance follow to some degree the material in the opening section of Courtilz de Sandraz's "Memoirs of Monsieur d'Artagnan". The most important extract from de Sandraz is the Miladi episode. It is from Dumas himself or his collaborator, Auguste Macquet, that the plot of the queen's studs, the character of Constance Bonacieux, and the tragedy of Fenton and Buckingham come. After finding his characters — and Athos, Porthos, and Aramis are but subsidiary shadows in de Sandraz — and a rough scaffolding for action, the French novelist set out for himself, and his work owes but little to the preceding memoirs. There is no more of the real d'Artagnan in the romance than will serve his scheme of action. The real d'Artagnan was the hero of a brilliant military career. He was made a cadet in the company of guards commanded by Troisvilles's brother-in-law soon after his arrival in Paris and served at the sieges (all wars appear to have been mainly sieges in those days) of Aire, of La Basée, and Bapaume in 1641 and at the sieges of Collioure and Perpignan in 1642. He went to England in 1644 as a gentleman of the Comte d'Harcourt and met the British King, Charles. More fighting followed, and at the end of this year he received his cassock as a musketeer. In 1649 Mazarin appointed him to a lieutenancy in the guards and the next year he became captain of the regiment. Eight years of mingled fighting and amorous intrigue followed, and in 1658 he returned to the musketeers as a *sous-lieutenant*. The next year "*messire Charles de Castelmore d'Artagnan, chevalier, sous-lieutenant des grands mousquetaires du Roy, et capitaine au régiment des gardes de Sa Majesté, demeurant à Saint-Germain des Prez, rue du Bac*" signed a contract of marriage with "*dame Charlotte-Anne de Chanlecy, dame de Sainte-Croix, veuve de feu messire Jean-Eléonor de Damas, chevalier, seigneur de la Clayette, Clessy, Bennes et Tesmont, demeurant à Paris, dans l'hôtel du Lion, rue et paroisse de Saint-André des Arcs*", by which it will be seen that the soldier of fortune was getting on in life. In 1660 he followed the court to St. Juan de Luz, and in 1661 he had the dubious honor of arresting the celebrated superintendent of finances, Fouquet, whom he took to the château of Angers. Louis XIV held the musketeer in high esteem; when, in 1665, d'Artagnan received his brevet as full lieutenant of musketeers it was an honor that had been expected. In 1667 he was named captain-lieutenant of the first company of musketeers and brigadier of the armies of the King. His brevet as a *maréchal de camp* came to him in 1672 and he was appointed commander at Lille in the absence of Maréchal d'Humières. The next year, at the siege of Maestricht, he was killed.

This man's life is a romance. It is the narrative of a rise from the smallest beginnings to the highest eminences.

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D'Artagnan's career was cut out for him by his own flashing sword. It is true, if we are to believe de Sandraz — and where there is so much smoke there must be a little fire — that a portion of his success was due to his power over feminine hearts; but that, after all, appears to have been an accepted method of rising in the world during the reigns of Louis XIII and XIV. D'Artagnan was handsome, skilful in intrigue, resolute in bearing, unquestionably brave, a superb swordsman, and a sharp wit. Indeed, in many ways he was the *beau idêal* of the hero of romance. If de Sandraz presents him quite often as a spiritual brother to Casanova, a frank libertine and a confirmed gambler, it must be remembered that his era did not frown too fiercely upon such moral failings. It was a time of lusty men, and musketeers were privileged characters who were much sought after by a sex that was as fickle and frail as it was feminine and fair. The d'Artagnan of Dumas, therefore, is in a sense a fictional character based but infrequently upon an actual person. Yet one cannot help but think that the fierce, gallant spirit of the real old Gascon animates this tremendous fictional portrait. He, more than any of the other figures in Dumas's romance, is based upon facts — however far away those facts may be. When we turn to the real Athos, the real Porthos, the real Aramis, we perceive what shadows Dumas has translated into men.

Dumas, in his introduction to "The Three Musketeers", announced his indebtedness to a mysterious work called "Les Mémoires de M. le Comte de la Fère", and once, in a playful moment, he inquired for that volume at the Bibliothèque Royale. The indignant librarian exclaimed, "You know that it doesn't exist, because you yourself have said it does!" This work, supposedly written by the original of Athos, belonged only in the imagination of Dumas. Now who is this Athos, this aristocrat of musketeers? We know well enough who he is in the romance of Dumas. He is the nobleman *par excellence*, the unfortunate husband of the demoniac Miladi and the father of Raoul, Vicomte de Bragelonne. He is everything that is noble and valiant and experienced and honest. But who was he in real life? Who was the prototype of Athos? De Sandraz makes him a brother to Porthos and Aramis, but this is incorrect. He was a Béarnese named Armand de Sillègue d'Athos (Athos being a small village in the family holdings), and the most important notation about him in existence is the lamentable fact that he died in Paris during December, 1643. Thus it will be observed that his friendship with d'Artagnan (who came to the capitol, it will be remembered, in 1640) was limited to three years. The mortuary register of the Church of St. Sulpice (so near the stamping grounds of the musketeers!) carries this entry: "*Conuoy, service et enterrement de deffunct Armand Athos dautubiele mousquetaire de la garde du Roy, gentilhomme de Béarn, pris proche la halle du Pré aux Clercs.*" It would appear that Athos died from the results of a duel, perhaps in that very fight near the Fair St. Germain to which de Sandraz gives such space in his memoirs of d'Artagnan. Except for some few facts about the family of Athos and the fictionalized account of the musketeer in de Sandraz, that is all we know about the man who grew to such mighty stature under the magic wand of Dumas's imagination. Here, certainly, is an excellent example of how Dumas,

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profiting by a bare hint, could take a shadow and translate it into a vividly living personage. The innate nobility of the Athos of the romance is but no more (and how much!) than a part of the scheme of that work. He was the thinking nobleman set against the Gascon hotbloodedness and resourcefulness of d'Artagnan, the brave and Titanlike stupidity of Porthos, and the backstairs wiliness of Aramis.

Porthos, that giant musketeer of Dumas who was a regiment in himself and who died so like a classic hero crushed beneath the huge rock at Belle Isle sur Mer, was in reality a gentleman from Pau rejoicing in the name of Isaac de Portau. He was obviously of Jewish blood, for among the names in his family were Abraham and Sarah. At the time of the arrival of d'Artagnan in Paris, Isaac de Portau was serving in a company of guards of the King commanded by François de Guillon, the brother-in-law of Troisvilles, and it was probably some time in 1643 that he obtained his cassock as a musketeer. His military career is unknown; but if de Sandraz is to be accepted as an authority, he was brave enough and the usual type of King's musketeer ready always for a venture or a duel. Dumas took great liberties with the character of Porthos as it was painted in de Sandraz. For example, instead of the mistress young and handsome with which de Sandraz dowers the musketeer, Dumas gives Porthos the dry and yellow Madame Coquenard whose most powerful charm is her money coffer. And then again the clever novelist transfers to Porthos the episode of the baldric richly embroidered on one side — the side to be seen — and nothing at all on the other, an anecdote which de Sandraz relates of a guard named Besmaux. Besmaux, by the way, appears as Baisemaux in Dumas's "Vicomte de Bragelonne". In real life, to pursue this nonentity a bit further, Besmaux was François de Montlezun, seigneur de Besmaux, a man who became captain of Cardinal Mazarin's guards and eventually governor of the Bastille. It is he who is befooled by Aramis in "Vicomte de Bragelonne" when that conspiring Abbé substitutes the Man in the Iron Mask for the King.

Isaac de Portau, therefore, is another shadow, although there is much in record about his family and its descendants. Here again is evidence of the extraordinary skill with which Dumas created people out of vague hints and casual indications. Of all the musketeers in the romances, Porthos perhaps is the most lovable for his bull-like courage, his divine naïveté, his trustfulness in his friends, his simpleness that is the simpleness of a child, and his unswerving fidelity to the old oath of the four. Adding to these traits his herculean proportions and his capacity for liquor, Dumas has fabricated an epitome of the era of Louis XIII that must stand as a lesser Don Quixote.

Walking with a soft tread through the d'Artagnan romances of Dumas is a man with a wrist of steel, calculating words, and manners bordering on effeminacy. He is Aramis, created by Dumas Chevalier d'Herblay, Bishop of Vannes, Vicar-General of Jesuits, and Duc d'Alameda. He is a musketeer and a churchman, a conspirator, a man possessing formidable and hidden strength, a colossal dreamer, a lover of fine ladies, a secretive pursuer of his own star of destiny. Certainly the imagination of Dumas went wild here, but it went wild with a purpose; for it is to Aramis that the reader

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inevitably turns for the touch of mystery that keeps the theme from being too much of a surface swashbuckling affair. In reality this mysterious Aramis was Henry d'Aramitz, a squire, lay abbot of Aramitz (which merely meant patron of the curé), and a member of the ancient *noblesse militaire* of Béarn. He entered the musketeers in 1640, perhaps about the same time as Athos, and appears richly to have deserved his military cassock. No precise knowledge is available of his military exploits, but we do know that he stayed for more than fifteen years in the forces of the King. He was an intimate friend to d'Artagnan and aided him often in his many duels.

In 1652 Aramitz, who was in his native Béarn, married his sister, Jeanne, to Arnaud de Casamayor, pastor of the church of Oloron, and in 1654 we find him making his last will and testament, "*considerant que la mort est certain et l'heure d'icelle incertaine*". There are one or two other references to him in old documents: his marriage, his appearance in 1657 at another marriage — that of Anne de Béarn-Bonasse — and such trifles. By 1675 he is mentioned as *feu*, deceased. His family and descendants, like those of Isaac de Portau, are easily traced. In spite of research, therefore, Henry d'Aramitz, Armand de Sillègue d'Athos, and Isaac de Portau exist as no more than shadows, figures of an old order garmented in blue cassocks adorned with silver crosses, riding grey horses and flashing long swords across the complicated fields of French history. We may guess at the spirit and courage of these men but, except for d'Artagnan, they are vague ghosts of a buried age.

No amount of examination of the real musketeers and the period wherein they conducted their fierce lives can take an iota away from the fame of Dumas as a creator of romance. He may have borrowed right and left — he undoubtedly did — but he flooded the old and jaded veins with a new and rich blood. He breathed into shadows and established them for all time. He took names and made men out of them. Thackeray preferred de Sandraz to Dumas, but Thackeray was wrong. The drains of an era that was anything but nice are opened in de Sandraz. Dumas took what was worth taking and ignored the rest.

Hippolyte Parigot in his "Alexandre Dumas Père", contributed to "Les Grands Écrivains Français" series, sums up the work of the novelist — so far as "The Three Musketeers" is concerned — in these words: "*D'Artagnan, gascon adroit, avec son doigt caressant sa moustache, Porthos, infatué et musclé, Athos, grand seigneur un peu romantique, Aramis, qui pince son oreille pour l'avoir rouge et fleurie, Aramis, le discret Aramis, qui cache sa religion et ses amours, fringant élève des bons pères (non inutile est desiderium in oblatione), ces quatre amis, et non pas quatre frères, comme l'avait imaginé Courtilz, figurent les quatre points cardinaux de notre pays. . . . Si Danton et Napoléon furent les professeurs de l'energie française, Dumas en est le romancier national dans 'les Trois Mousquetaires'. Son roman est aussi dramatique que le leur — mais plus souriant et d'un agrément plus continu.*" And this is very true, at least, of that historical France that has somehow vanished in petty quarrelings over debt settlements. The musketeers represent the spirit of old France, and Dumas, with his incomparable magic, has caught it for generations who will continue to read him in spite of the so called romantic decline.

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Portrait of Franklin used as Cover Design for Phillips Russell's biography, "Benjamin Franklin".

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POOR RICHARD

By Moran Tudury

IT was April, 1790, and Dr. Franklin was preparing to die. At eighty four he had acquired a mind of his own and he had preferences. He must rise from bed, pain in his chest, and request of his daughter that the bedclothes be arranged. So, he said, he might "die in a decent manner". Conventional protests rose as the shadows filled the sickroom. They told him he would live many more years. But he only drawled, "I hope not", and with tortuous memories of medicinal opium took to bed again. And, shortly before midnight, with spring murmuring at the window, the cynical patriarch of American letters died. Congress wore crape splendidly even if it had forgotten a dying request that his public accounts be audited. Mourning, manifestly, was less difficult than bookkeeping. And in France, where he was scarcely unknown, the National Assembly listened to M. Mirabeau's lengthy dirge and wore funeral colors. It was very solemn and Benjamin Franklin would have enjoyed it, for he had a taste for applause even though he was unsentimental. Inasmuch as the most his country had given him was ovation, it is a pity he had to miss the final ripple. It all had such a literary flourish.

He was of the tougher variety of literary men; and it was perhaps only accident that he ground his axes with rhetoric. He was a curious contradiction: a public man who donated everything he possessed, and a lover who once refused an appealing bride because she had no dowry. His personal broadmindedness took strange turns; when he did marry he brought to his wife an illegitimate son by an unknown lady. It hardly appears that he was even momentarily embarrassed and certainly his wife never was. And with that odd romanticism of illegitimates, the boy became governor of New Jersey.

Undoubtedly he was difficult. Born in a state where religion was actually practised with enjoyment, he early displayed nonconformist principles. By the time he was seventeen, having escaped a career as a minister, he was in bad odor. In his brother's printing establishment he set tall, stuttering type which often spelled Atheism. Puritans heartily predicted for him that warm damnation invariably reserved for free thinkers. And yet by the time he died he was seemingly to drift back into a semblance of orthodox belief. He was determined to the very end to be different.

He presents the unusual spectacle of a printer who was known to have set his own sentences, but he also furnishes the not rare figure of an editor who published his own bad verse. It is startling to recall that he was one person who bested a postmaster. The postmaster of Philadelphia printed newspapers himself, but even the fact that he bribed his own delivery agents did not keep Franklin from obtaining the vaster circulation. Later, in the fashion of Mr. Alger's heroes, Franklin himself became postmaster, but he permitted the villain to go unmolested.

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The printed word dogged unceasingly his footsteps and the orderly clacking of publishers' presses was a staccatic part of his background. He seems to have emerged from the mists with proof sheets still wet in his hands and, when he passed back into them, he was writing essays. He had the serene individualism of the country editor and the spectacles, but the grey puffs of contented corncob smoke are lamentably missing.

As the combination of journalist and publisher there lingers over him the flavor of James Gordon Bennett. The society note is readily visible, and in his taste for flying kites one glimpses Mr. Bennett's penchant for international balloon races, only on a smaller scale. Like the proprietor of the "Herald" the impresario of "Poor Richard's Almanac" believed in news; nor did he differ greatly with the former in the specification that it be warm news. And the times gave him such as assuredly ever afterward was the envy of Mr. Bennett's publishing life. The major difference was that where Franklin curtailed a revolution to an anecdotal paragraph, Mr. Bennett was known to enlarge a paragraph into a revolution.

His correspondence was refreshing. To a lady he wrote: "You are too early, hussy, as well as too saucy, in calling me a rebel. You should wait for the event, which will decide whether it is a rebellion or only a revolution. Here the ladies call us *les insurgés*, a character which usually pleases them." When an Englishman announced that Americans could not boycott British homespuns because their sheep grew so little wool, he replied suavely: "The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool that each has a little wagon on four little wheels to support and keep it from trailing on the ground." And he once startled Britons with an anonymous hoax in the newspapers that the King of Prussia intended to hold England as a German province and levy taxes. It furnished Parliament with something of the American feeling against taxation.

For an individual who once seriously considered a career as instructor in swimming to titled Englishmen's sons, he certainly considerably altered his course. And yet there is assuredly much of Miss Gertrude Ederle in the manner in which, for such a long swim, he floated in a turbulent political sea. One observes him, his spectacles slightly awry, breasting a wave while George Guelph and Lord North, flipping fishy fins, snap hungrily at his kicking heels. And there is symbol certainly in the swimmer who was always emerging from the water on British shores. It was a long Channel indeed, and perhaps he never quite crossed it. Meanwhile, discourged by passing æons, Father Neptune wearied and died.

It seems a pity that he had to earn England's displeasure. For such a long time, and at such recurring periods, he was of a mind permanently to reside there. He had set type in a cramped London pressroom and there published his impudent little pamphlet "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain". Here, too, he came as close to fast living as was ever to be his fate. Later, when he was an older and perhaps even more eccentric man, he talked with Hume, Lord James, and Dr. Robertson. And Oxford, for once in the American manner, gave him a degree. Mr. Strahan, the publisher, was his friend, and with "Straney" he endeavored vainly to arrange a match between his daughter and the Englishman's son. But Sarah Franklin had aversion to sea voyages and refused to cross the Atlantic to

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marry a man she had never seen. It is melancholy: almost, Dr. Franklin might have furnished Henry James comforting precedent.

He wrote the blunt, straightforward style which pleases the lower classes and which frequently is comprehended even by their betters. It was as matter of fact as his suggestion to his father that time would be conserved in saying grace at table by retiring to the storehouse and there uttering a single prayer over an entire barrel of salt fish. He planned a book "The Art of Virtue" which would lay down definite rules for an impeccable existence and with a queer hypocrisy make bad men not only good ones but successful ones also. Harboring a cynical idea that people were of necessity unreliable, he refused to blame them for want of instruction. There was a prim hardness behind the idea which utterly fails to merge with the absurd figure of piety fed so solemnly now to school children. He could be as bitter as Carlyle and as accurate as Ring Lardner. And he was, even in his writings, conceited as most assured philosophers.

He was always Poor Richard. One seems to discern in that homely attire, that modest manner, all the ingredients of Will Rogers and Lightnin'. He was fond of drawing morals, but unlike most they held a tinge of red. When he was mistaken certainly in anticipating an early death he composed his own tombstone legend. Not inaptly he described himself as a book. It would have been a large, fat volume with plain boards: a combination of "The Ready Reckoner", "Mrs. Storer's Cook Book", and "On a Slow Train through Arkansas". It is a trifle incongruous therefore that he should end his epitaph with a promise that he would subsequently appear "once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author".

Unlike Mr. Jefferson, he composed state papers in the antithesis of the classical manner. He would have preferred, one feels, to recite his state papers and in their midst, possibly, intermix a little buck and wing dancing. He was irrepressible. When, at seventy nine, they made him president of his State Council, he remarked: "I find myself harnessed again in service for another year. They have eaten my flesh and seem resolved now to pick my bones." And when dignified members of the Constitutional Convention were signing articles, posturing in the attitudes of a mural composition, Dr. Franklin startled with an irrelevant remark. Observing a sun painted upon the back of the President's chair, he was audibly querulous at the inability of artists to distinguish between a rising and a setting sun. It was to be expected, perhaps Mr. Adams thought, bringing him into the parlor when company arrived. He was only an impossible person who unsuccessfully endeavored to insert sarcasm and jokes in the Declaration of Independence.

In France he was regarded in much the same manner as a later cynic, now also dead. Like Anatole France he gave off an air of genteel radicalism and his very gentleness precluded fear of violence. He was, in addition, a mystery: he had invented a stove, written a book, and it was even believed he was aware of electricity. The French did not quite understand what he was up to, which perhaps only increased their enjoyment. But it was this same mystery that made the British dislike him. Since he was not literary in the orthodox fashion, Mr. Burke was a trifle suspicious of him. And he was

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known to have done strange things with Hutchinson's letters. If only he had been angry more often; the British mind so fully appreciates a loud, stubborn anger. It was too seldom that he exclaimed, as he did against a Colonial agent who embezzled funds: "If such a fellow is not damned it is not worthwhile to keep a devil."

He was surrounded by the enmities and scandals that one had become accustomed to expect in literary personages. Arthur Lee, who had succeeded him as Colonial Agent to Great Britain, was notorious for his sinister stories. John Adams, to whom inconsequentialities appeared issues, wrote testily to his mercenary cousin Samuel: "He is so indolent. He is overwhelmed with trifling visits from Multitudes of People, chiefly from the Vanity of having it to say that they have seen him." Mr. Adams also objected to Dr. Franklin's social activities in France, strange objection certainly in a man who, at the inception of the Republic, was most concerned with his possible title. It took the Revolution to bring Franklin back to favor after the Paxton mess, and Pennsylvanians never forgot his son was a royalist governor of New Jersey. But they might have helped his father to forget. Livid rumors were attached to his name in France. After his wife died gossips seemed to see nameless ladies swaying in the offing. One cannot have an illegitimate offspring, it appears, without paying certain penalties. On the other hand Thomas Jefferson bent to catch words from the lips of the oracle and it was one time, presumably, when Mr. Jefferson was sincere. Only in France, where such failings are believed signs of greatness, did they approve. They sent him home when he was ill and drew him gently in a special vehicle to the waiting boat.

It is sad that he was never permitted to live his own life, even though there were eighty four years of it. Like most geniuses, he would so well have enjoyed himself. He was indolent, but amid the press of diplomatic correspondence, pamphlets, scientific papers, and petitions he still found occasional moments to post a personal letter with surprising content. And he must organize postal systems, fire engine companies, buy wagons for armies, and once even indulge in military manœuvres. With all his indolence he nevertheless founded the University of Pennsylvania.

It is ironical that such a stalking paradox should have come down to posterity as a rather bald gentleman with a grandmother face and a reputation for kite flying. In the pile of prim histories and behind the stacks of polite Colonial reminiscence there appears little that resembles a human being. Dr. Franklin, buried far beneath official virtue, and aged, remains too indolent to combat it. But it may be that some day his most private diary will be unearthed and prove frothy exhumation.

Meanwhile, and until the official mists rise and reveal truth, there will remain the old, the creaking scene: Philadelphia shimmers in the sunlight of brotherly love and rings to unbelievably patriotic speeches. Statesmen bow before him as a sudden rush of vivid sunlight outlines his figure in gold and music drifts on the air. His face becomes sublime, he is the Dr. Franklin of the schoolbooks. . . .

But somewhere down beneath the mass of polite rhetoric a dusty shroud stirs in the darkened library. And perhaps the thin mouth of Poor Richard droops and behind those celebrated spectables his keen eyes flicker sardonically over historians' platitudes.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART II

A HEAD was poked in through the door, McCormick.

"I say Cole, Leeson wants to see you."

"Wants to see *me*?"

"Yes. Now. I've just been with him. He wants you *now*."

"Oh Lord! What's he want to see me about?"

"I don't know. Your bizz not mine."

McCormick vanished.

Leeson was not popular with his House. He was nicknamed "Paddy" because he went round the dormitories after lights were out to see whether things were as they should be, and wore soft slippers for the occasion.

Jeremy had seen but little of him during these three years. He had been "whacked" by him twice, given tea by Mrs. Leeson three times, and exhorted by Leeson once a week during a whole term before confirmation. It was the last of these that had caused Jeremy's very soul to squirm. He didn't mind so much that he should be rebuked for forgetting his Catechism, but when it came to asking him intimate questions about "the Purity of his Body" — a phrase that meant nothing to him, hidden as it was beneath Leeson's chaste reticences, but, when interpreted afterward by friends and companions, meant all kinds of things — from that moment Jeremy had detested Leeson.

He went now most reluctantly. What did Paddy want to badger him for on the very first day of the term? What had he done wrong already? He threw his mind over the events of last night and today and could discover no crime. There had been too many things to do and think about. There had been no time for mischief. And why snatch from him his Study hour — at the very moment too when the governess had been discovered thieving by her lover? A rotten shame, and one more count against Leeson.

He slouched through the noisy school building into the chaste deadened privacy of Leeson's quarters. He knocked on Leeson's door, then entered.

Leeson was alone, his long black clerical form bent over his table, letter writing. Leeson was one of those tall blue-black clergymen who look like an advertisement for Waterman's fountain pens. His Study had large photographs of Rome and Athens, busts of Sophocles and Julius Cæsar, and many rows of theological volumes.

Jeremy waited.

Leeson looked up. "Ah, Cole, I wanted to speak to you."

"Yes sir", said Jeremy.

"Had good holidays?"

"Yes sir, thank you."

"People all well?"

"Yes sir, thank you."

"Glad to be back?"

"Yes sir, thank you."

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There was an interminable pause.

"Well, let me see — " Leeson stood now in front of the fireplace, his long thin black legs spread wide.

"You're in a Study this term?"

"Yes sir."

"With — let me see — with whom?"

"Gauntlet Major and Marlowe, sir."

"Ah yes. Gauntlet Major and Marlowe. Yes. Quite. You got your House Fifteen last winter I think?"

"Second House, sir."

"Ah yes. You've got a good chance for First House this year?"

"Yes sir, I think so sir."

"I'm informed that they may even play you for the School."

Jeremy's heart beat. He said nothing.

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen and three quarters."

"Ah yes. Let me see. You're small for your age."

"Yes sir."

Leeson's voice suddenly changed. There was a most surprising twinkle in his eye. Jeremy had never seen it there before.

"How do you like this School, Cole?"

"Like it sir?"

"Yes, are you happy here?"

"Very happy, thank you sir."

"Proud of the School?"

Jeremy was uncomfortable and rubbed his boots together. "I suppose sir, I hadn't thought of it exactly."

"Quite, quite." Leeson's voice was friendly, familiar, intimate. "Well, it's time you did. You're beginning to have influence. And especially in the House. Do you like the House?"

"Oh, it's all right sir."

"I see — no especial feelings about it. Naturally. Well, it's time you did have some special feelings about it. And how do you feel about me?"

This was awful. Jeremy hung his head and muttered.

"Exactly. You think me a tiresome ass. Quite. It's natural that you *should* think so and even right that you should during your first years here. Things work more easily that way."

"Yes sir", said Jeremy, being apparently expected to say something.

"But I'm *not* a tiresome ass, at least it isn't any longer a good thing that you should think me so. And I'll tell you why. Because from now on you and I have got to work to some extent together and there's no hope of our doing that if we don't see one another sympathetically."

"No sir", said Jeremy.

"You see, it's like this. During your first year or two at a school of this sort you're passive — just stuff for the school to work on. The school catches you up like a sausage machine and turns you from the conceited little pup that you were when you left your Private into something else — something that it can use both for itself and for something wider and deeper than itself."

"Yes sir", said Jeremy, looking at Julius Cæsar in a kind of trance.

"But then the day comes", Leeson went on, "when it's time for *you* to do something! You've got to come in and add something. From that moment the future of the school will depend to a certain extent on what you are, and everything you do will affect its future.

"This School which has been going on, in one sort of way or another, ever since the eleventh century on this very spot hasn't made itself, it's been made by the boys who have cared for it and have done something for it. Its influence is increasing and so your influence through it is increasing. People are always wanting to be immortal. Well, here's as good a chance for immortality as I know. Do something decent for this School and you do something de-

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cent for yourself, for England, and for everyone who comes after you here. That's worthwhile, it seems to me."

"Yes sir", said Jeremy.

"Yes, and there's more than that in it", Leeson went on. "There's your immediate influence here in this House. Now this House mayn't seem much to you. It isn't more than fifty years old. It's ugly to look at. It isn't even architecturally very sound. It's seemed to you so far just a place to rag in, eat and sleep in. But if you can do something for the School, far more can you do something for the House. Here your influence is immediate. Everyone knows you. Everyone watches you. The smaller boys admire you because you're a good footballer. From now on you're going to matter a lot to this House one way or the other and it's just as well that you should know it."

"Yes sir", said Jeremy.

"That's why you've got to understand me a little. There are many boys I wouldn't talk to like this. It would make them priggish and self conscious. They'd think themselves potential Napoleons or, worse still, little angels. But I've no fear of your taking yourself too seriously; in fact the danger is just the other way. I fancy, for instance, this evening that you've heard hardly a word that I've been saying. All the same it will stick in your head more than you imagine."

"Yes sir", said Jeremy.

"And if I've been studying you I want you to pay me the compliment of studying me in return a little. I know what you think of me. Old 'Paddy' Leeson who goes round the dormitories after dark in soft slippers. Well, that may or may not be true. Anyway that isn't the whole truth about me. I love this House better than I've ever loved anything in my life except my wife. I've made plenty of mistakes and will make plenty more but I shall make less if you help me. I'm not proposing any change in our relations except this, that you should think of me as a human being, not a pious humbug, and that, secondly, you should realize that if in three years' time you leave this School without having done anything decent either for it or the House you'll have a crime on your conscience. Yes. Well. . . Come and see me when you want to."

"Yes sir", said Jeremy.

Leeson held out his hand. Jeremy shook it and shuffled out of the room.

Back in his part of the House he shook his head as a dog does when he comes out of the water. He walked out into Coulter's. The stars were coming out in their myriads. It was an evening of marvelous softness. All the sounds came gently: the very rhythmic murmur of the sea, the muffled cries of boys behind the walls, the distant banging of doors, the wheels of a cart crunching down the country road.

But Jeremy heard none of them. He stood staring out into the dusky playing fields, his hands plunged in his pockets. Had old Paddy been pulling his leg? Was this some plot to get him to do something pious, look after the new kids and report to Paddy when there was a dormitory feast? Or was it straight? What was it Paddy had said? Jeremy couldn't remember a word except something about influence and helping the House. . . . Oh yes, and looking on Paddy as a human being! That was rum.

He'd have to ask Jumbo about it. Whether Paddy was on the straight or no. . . .

But all this about the School. Of

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course he liked the School. Didn't he, if there was a match on, shout for the School until he was blue in the face? Wouldn't he rather be here than any old Eton or Harrow or Rugby? Of course he would. All the same . . . He felt a burden upon him. He wasn't as free as he had been. He was under some sort of responsibility, but *what* responsibility? He didn't know.

But Leeson wasn't quite the ass he'd thought him. Maybe it was only a tale that he came round the dormitories in soft slippers. Rotten shame that chaps should say so if it wasn't true!

Golly, what a lot of stars!

He went slowly in.

Jeremy played in the Possibles v. Probables Game and did not in any way distinguish himself.

Nobody was distinguished. It was a mild and spiritless affair.

This was partly the result of the weather, which also was mild and spiritless, a thin grey mist hanging over sea and land with no wind to blow it away.

It was spiritless also because of the new School Rugby Captain, Beltane. Beltane was a giant, six foot two in his socks and fourteen stone. He was to Jeremy and Jeremy's generation a grown man; he was, in their opinion, considerably further advanced in man's estate than many of the old boys who came down on festival occasions.

Huge in bulk, he had a jolly, humorous, and exceedingly intelligent face. He *was* intelligent, extremely so, and was expected to win magnificent university scholarships during this, his last year at Crale. It was whispered that already he wrote for the London papers and was earning a fine income by so doing.

He was also an excellent Rugby Forward of a rather old fashioned and "shoving" type, but he was too good natured to make a good Captain.

Priestley, last year's Captain, a swift and lean Three Quarter like a greyhound, had been a magnificent leader, cursing, encouraging, relentless, ubiquitous. Now in the first game of the new season everyone felt the difference. Beltane shoved well enough in the "scrum" and cursed volubly those near to him, but for some mysterious reason no one was afraid of him — and everyone was languid.

Jeremy was not happy with his partner Halfback who was never there to take a pass, and if he did have the ball on any occasion always stuck to it too long. So, although Jeremy showed apparently any amount of energy shouting in his funny husky voice "Coming in on the right, Possibles" and "Ball away" and "Break! Break!" (like the pessimist in Lord Tennyson's poem), and although he fell on the ball in the most determined fashion, was kicked in every tender spot, and had again and again to extricate himself from piles of bodies, he knew very well that he was not playing with his whole heart and soul.

He was in that state, only too well known to him, of divided interests, so that while his whole mind *seemed* to be on the game half of it was away somewhere on a holiday of its own, considering the other game of Whites and Colors playing on a neighboring field, considering the thin vapors of mist behind which the trees stood with twisted arms like paralyzed old men, considering tea and food and Parlow and Paddy — things and people that should have been far, far from his mind.

And at half time he was irritated by Bunt, who had been one of the Linesmen and came now hustling across the

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field to tell everyone what he ought to do. What he told Jeremy was that the main business of the Scrum Half was to get the ball away to the Stand Off Half and "see that he got his passes".

That's all very well, thought Jeremy, kicking his heels into the muddy ground, but what are you to do if the Stand Off Half can't *take* a pass and if he's never in the position he ought to be in? And it was then that, turning round to gaze into distance at the other game veiled in mist and played by shadows, the thought came to him (whence, how, why, he was never afterward able to determine): "Stevens and I would play jolly well together." Now this was odder in that he had hardly ever seen Stevens (who was playing Stand Off Half that afternoon in Colors v. Whites), had never played in a game with him or even spoken to him, Stevens being in Bunt's House. He was, moreover, a comparatively new boy, having come rather late to Crale.

Jeremy knew nothing whatever about him save that there had been a rumor toward the end of the preceding season that he played "rather a decent game".

And yet suddenly this thought came: "I'd play well with Stevens."

In later days, when the Cole-Stevens combination was England's hope at Halfback for five successive years, Jeremy sometimes looked back to that afternoon and saw himself, small, filthy, plastered with mud, standing on that misty field — and behold, out of heaven as it were, Stevens descended upon him! Strange!

A sort of miracle!

After the game, in the long Changing Room, Beltane spoke to Jeremy.

The Changing Room was a dim passage-like place with hot and cold showers and rows and rows of lockers and bare naked benches. It was dim because of clouds of steam, and in and out of the steam naked shoulders and thighs and buttocks, staring red faces matted with hair, white legs and arms like separate animated automata, protruded, flashed, and vanished again.

"Here Stocky Cole, rub me down!" Beltane shouted. He was standing under the shower, his thick black hair tangled over his forehead, his great body strangely smooth and white in the shadow, the water hissing and splashing over him with a jerking fury as though it enjoyed its job. Jeremy, who had been dancing about waiting for his chance to dash in under a shower, took a towel and, as tradition had for a thousand years dictated, rubbed down his master's back and thighs. By rights he was now free of this service, but not for the worlds of Paradise would he have claimed his rights.

"You're a rum looking kid", said Beltane, surveying him. "You're as broad as you're long." He condescended to feel his muscles. "Not bad. Not much fat." He punched Jeremy's belly and nearly drove the wind out of him. "Not bad", he repeated. Then, stretching his great arms and yawning, he said, "You and Abbott weren't much use this afternoon. What was the matter with you?"

"I don't think we suit each other very well."

"No, I don't think you do."

Jeremy pulled himself together, looked into Beltane's good natured face, then said, marveling at his own cheek:

"I believe I'd fit in very decently with Stevens."

"Stevens!" Beltane said, pulling his shirt over his head. "Why Stevens?"

"I don't know", said Jeremy, his

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voice suddenly deserting him and sounding like a frog's croak. "I'd like to try though."

But Beltane said no more. His friend Mulligan was shouting to him and he was shouting back again.

Jeremy was forgotten.

But Jeremy didn't forget. While he was dressing he thought of it, then as he strolled up to Leeson's to find Jumbo Payne, then as the two of them turned lazily, luxuriously (today was a blessed half holiday) toward Garrett's, the Tuck Shop:

"I say, Jumbo, I think I'd play awfully decently with Stevens."

A word about Jumbo Payne. He was a boy of no distinction whatever, still in Lower School although older than Jeremy, podgy in build, hair so fair that it was almost white, an amiable sleepy countenance, in character silent and apparently somnolent.

He was, however, Jeremy's best friend. They had been friends now for three years. He had stayed with Jeremy's people at Polchester and Jeremy had stayed with Jumbo's aunt in Colchester (Jumbo was an orphan).

Theirs was not in any way a sentimental or romantic friendship. They simply liked being together, trusted one another completely; Jeremy talked and Jumbo listened. It might to a casual observer have seemed a one sided friendship because Jeremy was certainly the Star and Jumbo the silent Worshiper. Everything that Jeremy did seemed right to Jumbo, but he never flattered him or indulged his vanity. Jumbo indeed said very little at any time and dealt largely in monosyllables, but when he did give an opinion it was a startlingly honest one. Honesty was his supreme characteristic. He had no imagination, and when Jeremy swung into dreams he was simply bewildered and uncomprehending, but he was a gentleman according to the code taught him by his father, a retired Captain, a rolling stone, feckless and blundering but adored by his small son. Both the father and mother had died during an influenza epidemic when Jumbo, their only child, was six.

So much for Jumbo Payne, whom nobody in the school ever noticed save Jeremy.

There was no reason why you should notice him. His fat soft body, his mild round face, seemed to melt into air as you watched it. He was distinguished in nothing, either in work or games. He never spoke unless he was spoken to.

He had no hobbies, did not collect stamps or white mice, had apparently no enthusiasms and no regrets.

He was Stocky Cole's friend. Otherwise he had no visible existence.

"Why Stevens?" he asked.

"I don't know", said Jeremy. "I suddenly thought of him at half time."

"You weren't much good today", said Jumbo, who had watched the game.

"I know," said Jeremy, "but what can you do with an ass like Abbott? He can't hold the ball if you give it to him."

"Some of Staire's pals were standing near me", Jumbo went on dreamily. "They weren't half pleased at your playing so rottenly."

"I didn't play rottenly."

"Yes you did."

"No I didn't."

"Yes you did. Everyone said you did."

Jeremy sighed. "Yes I know. Beltane said so. I told him I ought to play with Stevens."

Jumbo showed mild surprise. "That was some cheek. What did he say?"

"Oh, nothing. I was rubbing him down. He didn't know I'd got a

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Study and I wasn't going to tell him. I like Beltane only I don't think he'll make much of a Captain. He's too soft. Chaps don't mind what he says. He says I haven't got any fat and I haven't either. Lucky he didn't see you stripped."

"I'm not fat", Jumbo said indignantly. This was the one reproach that he could never endure.

"Of course you are. Fat as an old hen! I say, what a scrum! Golly! Hullo Swipes! . . . No, I didn't. Anyway that was last term and I bet one ginger beer. . ."

Garrett's was swimming with heat and company.

What Jeremy liked about Garrett's, although he couldn't have told you so, was the color. It gleamed and glittered and glowed. Partly this was so because when it was filled with boys a sort of warm misty steam was generated so that you saw everyone in a haze. Through this haze the rows of tinned things — fruits, and potted meats, and jams with all their bright colored labels of rosy apples and crimson strawberries and California harvests and marvelous amber-shining pears—shone like jewels. Mother Garrett herself had cheeks as rosy as any apples and a bosom like a downy pillow. She was occupied, with two handmaidens to help her, as surely no human being has ever been occupied before. She must not only answer the shouts and cries and appeals but rebuke the forward, correct the dishonest, chasten the proud, collect the money, and put on record all the involving debts. Tick was allowed but only to a certain amount, and no recognized field of official diplomacy could place on record such attempts at passing the forbidden limit!

She made strange noises of excitement, commiseration, indignation, and humor. The most fantastic and indecent tales were told of her, creating her the Dame Quickly of her place and period. Heaven knows whether any of them were true. She had never been seen off duty. She lived in the village at the bottom of the hill — Pleasant Cove. She was reputed immensely rich. It was said that Bunt, who was known to have a Rabelaisian turn, when bored with Mrs. Bunt and all the little Bunts would hie him to her cottage, and there at her abounding fireside spin, with her, bawdy tales.

The uproar was Titanic. "Mrs. Garrett, two Devonas. . . . Four bars chocolate cream. . . . No, I swear I didn't. . . . It's a new term, isn't it? Well then. . . Look out, Sweaty, are you barging? Five apples, two pineapple squares. That's sixpence and two doughnuts tenpence and. . ."

The heat rose in a mist and a great pulsing conviction of wellbeing and healthy satisfaction rose with it. About the counter itself boys were packed four deep, bodies pressed into bodies, excited crimson faces leaning forward, small boys trying to edge their way through big ones and all the while Mrs. Garrett's rich deep voice: "Now Mr. Chanter, that's only ninepence you give me. Yes, it is now. One at a time now. Can't 'ear oneself breathe."

It was now, at this precise moment, that occurred the first incident, minute enough as are many first incidents in great affairs, in that great and even now, after thirty years, although traditional yet remembered battle with which Jeremy and this story have so much to do.

Jeremy was not so happy as he should be. Jumbo's remarks about the football were rankling. He had known that he had not distinguished himself that afternoon but he had not

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realized, until Jumbo put it so brutally, that his game had been *rotten*. He could trust Jumbo for the truth, but he had noticed ere now that Jumbo also, in a sort of excess of friendship, was given at times to an exaggeration of frankness. He thought that that had been the case now. After all he couldn't have played so very badly. It wasn't his fault if Abbott couldn't hold a pass. . . . Nevertheless he was sensitive. As he looked about him he fancied that fellows were looking at him and whispering (they were of course doing nothing of the kind): "Stocky Cole's no good this year. He played a rotten game this afternoon. . . ."

The ginger beer was as sawdust in his mouth, the doughnuts heavy and jamless. He was in the general press and someone was breathing stertorously down his ear and someone else was digging a sharp elbow into his back. He was stiff and sore after the game. Someone that afternoon had kicked him on the back of his head.

Then he heard, quite plainly so that it was impossible to mistake it, the opprobrious epithet "Farmer! Farmer!" and then, also unmistakable, "Who has to get up early to milk the cows?"

He tried to turn round sharply to confront the insulter but he could not shake himself free. When at last, all the angrier because of the delay, he worked his body about and glared on every side no one seemed to be looking his way.

But there, not far from him, were Crumb and Baldock, two of Staire's most devoted adjutants. He stared at them, waiting for them to take up his challenge, but they were busied with ginger beer. He fancied that they were laughing at him but he could prove nothing.

Longing to be enraged with something or somebody, he grunted to Payne: "I'm sick of this, I'm going", and slipped away.

This anger of his had a strange result. He went to the Study and found no one there. It was as cold and desolate as the grave. He looked at his table, and a dreary, naked, and ink soiled affair it was. He felt an urgent need to assert himself, to do something aggressive and defiant. He'd give them "Farmer" and show them how much he cared for *their* opinion! The back of his head ached, and he had eaten too many doughnuts too quickly. So he went to his play box and fetched out Uncle Samuel's picture.

He felt an instant's dismay when he looked at it. It certainly was *rum*. He turned it up and turned it down. He brushed the glass with his hand and dusted the frame with his very dirty handkerchief. It was a *nice* frame. That was on the whole the best thing that you could say about it. Why did Uncle Samuel paint like that? He couldn't really think that that was the way things looked. After all sheep had tails and legs, and why was the field so red and the trees so purple, and what was that violet splodge right in the picture's middle?

Looking at it, he nearly returned it to the play box. Then his obstinacy supported him. There was no other fellow in the whole School had a picture like that.

So he came with it and set it up on the table.

Somehow, there in the room, it didn't look so bad. It made a nice spot of bright color. Then he saw propped up in a corner two letters. One was from his mother and the other, by a strange coincidence, was from Uncle Samuel himself. Uncle Samuel wrote to him often. Very odd

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letters, if you could *call* them letters; they were more like Diaries or yet more as though Uncle Samuel were talking there in the room. They were written on rough bits of paper and began in the middle instead of like most letters at the beginning. As did this one:

Because I have a cold is no reason why your sister Helen should interupt my work by offering me quinine. Your sister Helen is always doing things for other people that she may add to her own glory. Mind you I don't say that that isn't the reason that most people do things for other people but Helen is, at present, young and hasn't yet learnt to hide her motives. I have one of those dripping colds and I hate being asked as to how it is getting on — which your mother, kind soul, is forever doing.

Your mother, I may tell you, is missing you and I suggest that next Sunday you write a little more than your usual blotty scribble with no news in it. You cling too nakedly to bald facts. Facts are nothing. Any fact, if stared bravely in the face, will turn out not to be a fact at all. Believe me. Your uncle knows. Anyway try and write to your mother as though you were a human being and not a jam-eating football-playing automaton.

How are you enjoying yourself? Are you proud of your Study? Shall I send you a picture for it? I have three. You can choose. One is of your sister Mary reading a book. No one thinks it a good likeness but I don't mind that because Mary is not actually in the picture but she would be reading a book if she were. So that's all right. The second one is of "Cattle Drinking". One of my best. A nice arrangement in greens and blues. The cattle are blue and what they are drinking is green — not very healthy for them but then cattle, I understand, can drink anything. The third is simply called "Sunrise". As you've always been too lazy to get up when the sun is rising your criticisms will be meaningless to me. Your father thinks it's a football match but as your father has never seen a football match that's an easy mistake for him to make. Just write and say which you'd like.

Now I must tell you that your uncle is going to show his pictures all by himself in London. The London swells have invited him to do so and are taking all the risks and people will pay sixpence to come in. Just think. You've been able to see all these pictures for nothing for ever so long and now everyone is going to pay sixpence. There's glory for you. Your father can't understand it. He'd pay sixpence not to see them. But there it is. It's an odd world and there are a great many different colored fish in the sea.

I must also tell you that there's been a strange dog haunting our house and he's very like that late lamented hound Hamlet. He's just as ugly but seems to have less conceit. He has appeared now three times looking in at us through the gate. Your sister Mary has tried to lure him in with a bone but it's you that he's looking for I imagine. If I get a chance to speak to him I'll tell him where you are and perhaps he'll come along and see you.

Canon Ronder condescended to come and have a meal with us the other day. You should have seen the fuss! He's very fat and enjoys his food. He even drank your father's dreadful wine with gusto. He invited himself in to see my pictures and said he liked them but I don't think he's a sincere man. The women all adore him but you can take it from me that there's something wrong with a man whom women adore. He's a great swell with us now — ever since Brandon died. You can see that I don't like him. He's too neatly dressed for me.

And what else is there? Nothing, I think. My cold is dripping all over the paper. Now see that you write your mother a nice letter. And you can write me a short one too. I say a short one because I've no time to read a long one. If your sister Helen offers me quinine again I shall strike her. Your sister Mary is writing me a story and is turning blue all over because she licks her pencil so often.

Your loving Uncle

Samuel.

Jeremy had a spasm of homesickness when he read this letter. Lots of fellows he knew would think that an exceedingly silly letter, but for himself it had the effect of drawing him straight as though with a magnet into the scene that in spite of its many drawbacks he loved so well: the steep incline of Orange Street, the statue with its coat tails, the green and leafy lanes leading right and left into the country, the Cathedral towers with the sun on them, the house with the gate and the conservatory with the colored glass, the hall, and then Uncle Samuel's bare sunlit room and himself, stubby and thick in his blue painting smock. . . .

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Four or five boys burst in shouting and laughing — Gauntlet, Staire's friends Crumb and Baldock, and, good heavens, Staire himself!

Jeremy realized at once that he was in the presence of the enemy and he stiffened and bristled all over like a dog.

"Hullo, Cole!" Then they busied themselves with something that Gauntlet had to show them. Jeremy sat at his table pretending to read but in reality alert, vibrating with wariness.

Gauntlet talked with the voice that he always used for those whom he wished to please — a little self deprecatory, a little flattering, a little eagerly pleasant.

"Oh, it isn't much", he was saying. "I've got better than that at home, but of course, Staire, you'd know more about that kind of thing. My governor collected drawings. He did really. He used to have ever so many, then he got tired of them and sold them."

Jeremy wasn't looking but he knew that Staire was as conscious of himself as he was of Staire.

He could tell this by the pitch of Staire's voice. And, although he wasn't looking, he could tell just how Staire was standing there, aloof, condescending, patronizing them all. How he loathed him!

Staire talked about his father rather as though no one had ever had a father before. He gave Gauntlet's possessions his benevolent blessing.

Then they turned round and considered Marlowe's marvelous desk. Staire didn't think much of it. He'd seen many better. Still it wasn't bad. Pretty swanky a fellow like the Sheep bringing a thing like that. Who did he think he was? Followed anecdotes about the Sheep, humorous and very unkind.

Then they turned to Jeremy.

"Hullo there, Cole. Working?"

"Yes", said Jeremy.

"Resting after your football labors?" asked Staire, and Crumb and Baldock tittered. Jeremy read on.

"Play a decent game this afternoon?" Staire inquired politely.

"Oh, shut it!" Jeremy growled. "Clear out, can't you?"

"Clear out!" said Staire. "Sorry we're in the way but Gauntlet happened to have asked us in. His Study as well as yours, I believe."

Jeremy said nothing.

"How did our young Half play this afternoon?" Staire went on.

Crumb and Baldock, who wanted to hang onto the outskirts of the fray rather than figure as its centre, giggled again but said nothing.

"I'm told he was not so good", Staire continued. "Rather mucked the thing up, I'm told. Of course if a Scrum Half funks going down to the ball . . ."

"I didn't funk", Jeremy growled.

"My mistake. I wasn't there of course. Only what I was told." Then he saw the picture.

"Good heavens! What's that?" They all crowded forward.

"Is this a picture that I see before me?" Staire stood back and struck an attitude. "Certainly it's got a frame but otherwise . . . Dear me, Cole, is that your effort?"

"Oh, shut up!" Jeremy, red with anger, swung around. "You think you're awfully funny, don't you, Staire? Well, you aren't. Not funny at all."

But the picture was delighting them all.

"And what is this the picture *of*?" Staire inquired politely. "I ought to know but I don't. Perhaps it's the wrong way up."

Jeremy then made a mistake. "It's

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sheep in a field", he said, suddenly seeing Uncle Samuel standing there at his side close to him.

Roars of delight greeted this remark. "Sheep! Oh I say. Look at the sheep! Come and look at the sheep!"

Jeremy sprang round upon them. He was angry enough anyway, but especially he was angry because it seemed that Uncle Samuel was standing there, hair disheveled, paint on his cheek, and saying to his young nephew: "That's a pretty good picture. You'll know one day . . ."

"Look here! You leave this alone. What business is it of yours? Who asked your opinion?"

But it had gone beyond the private view.

"Sheep! Sheep! Come and look at Stocky's sheep! Anyone want some sheep? Baa! Baa! Sheep! Sheep!"

Baldock was closest so Jeremy gave him a shove. Crumb made a snatch at the picture and Jeremy made for him, hurling his body at Crumb like a catapult.

Crumb fell over, Jeremy on top of him.

The Study door was open, and because it was approaching First Prep multitudes of boys were thronging the passage.

Voices were shouting, "Sheep! Sheep! Baa! Baa! Baa!" Jeremy's table went over with a crash, then Gauntlet's. Faces were crowding the doorway. "What's up? What's the matter?"

Jeremy had pulled himself up from the floor and, feeling now nothing but a Berserk rage, seeing only blindly in a confusion of dust and clothes and hair, seeking for Staire that he might pound his body into a fine jelly, hysterically shouted:

"Yah! Yah! Goats! Goats! Who's a dirty Goat! Yak! Yak! Yak!"

This "Yak!" (destined to become so famous a war cry) was evolved on the spur of the occasion and was compounded of anger, breathlessness, dust in the mouth, and once again anger.

"What's up? What's the matter? . . . Come on, Stocky Cole's being murdered! Baa! Baa! Baa!"

Bodies tumbled, hurtling into the passage. Boys, passing, were carried into the conflict before they knew where they were. Others, attracted by the splendid noise, hurried up. . . .

And now the passage, narrow and straitened as it was, held a fighting struggling mass. As the lovers at the close of the second act of the "Meistersinger", Baldock and Crumb and Gauntlet had crept away; but Staire who, to do him justice, loved a fight, was in full struggling glory, shrieking glorious curses; and Jeremy, fighting his way to him, his collar waving like a flag, was hitting right and left, shouting his battle cry.

The chest rose, the clamor echoed to the sky, small boys were trodden upon, big peace loving boys were struck in the wind and fell gasping against the wall, warriors strode forward not knowing why they fought but loving the conflict for its own good sake, buttons flew, collars erupted, shirts were rent, private feuds received a new lease of splendid life. "Baa! Baa! Baa! Yak! Yak! Yak!"

Then a stronger cry than all arose: "Paddy! Paddy! 'Ware Paddy!"

In an instant of time figures were fleeing in every direction. In another instant the passage was empty. Carrying forward once again the "Meistersinger's" story, Leeson, his own Nightwatchman, appeared.

Not a soul to be seen.

Silence.

The bell clanged out for First Prep.

(To be continued)

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GIVING MUSIC THE AIR

By Robert A. Simon

WHENEVER there is a debate about radio broadcasting, someone is certain to say: "Granting everything that you've said, isn't it a great help in educating people up to the best music?" This comment is, in the language of dictionary advertisements, an argument settler. Whatever the sins of the sound factories that hurl noises into the ether, it is indisputable that these institutes are creating a new, a large, and an understanding audience for Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, as well as for the other three B's of radio: ballads, baritones, and bedtime stories.

The great invisible audience of which announcers speak so feelingly not only has ample opportunity to become acquainted with symphonies, operas, and string quartets; it also hears, at frequent intervals, the most eminent employes of our great opera houses (two; count 'em) and the principal operators of the concert platform. If we are to become a musical nation, we must dump a tributary wreath on the impassive head of the microphone, affectionately called "Mike" by thousands of aero humorists, which transmits to us the masterworks of music performed by the best paid interpreters. Anybody who challenges this optimistic statement is just a trifle dumb!

There is only one objection to most controversies about broadcasting, and that is the fact that the proponents of the ninth art (movies are the eighth) usually are interested in the sale of instruments and that their antagonists never have listened for more than half an hour to the emanations from the loudspeaker. To one party, the radio, in all of its ramifications, is a contribution to the cosmos; to the opposing faction, it is a mouthpiece of bedlam. A more accurate appraisal could be made by a critical and attentive listener, and although my critical faculties may be rudimentary, my ability to listen to radio performances is undeniable. My fingers bear the scars of many vigils at the tuning dials and I have suffered, in my time, the strange aural afflictions which are visited on the determined wearer of the headphone. I have heard almost everything from the announcement of football scores between selections at a "classical" concert to the description of a prizefight by a celebrated writer on music. In one night I have traveled from the sedate salon musicales of WEAF to the blithe rowdiness of WHN, pausing to sample the religious tirades of WHAP and to absorb a few minutes of civic confidences from WNYC. I have known them all, from WMSG which used to be down near the zero mark on the dials to KYW, out where the west begins. I even have performed briefly before at least three different microphones, and some of my best friends are radio announcers. And although I don't know a grid leak from a by-pass condenser, I know what I'm hearing.

The quantity of "good" music cast into the air is prodigious, but its

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educational value cannot be described by the same adjective. There are a few radio attractions which may be accepted without discussion, and these are the concerts broadcast directly from auditoriums. The Saturday night programs of the Philharmonic Orchestra from WJZ and its allied stations are representative of such attractions. Those who choose to attend by way of the loudspeaker get exactly what the auditors in Carnegie Hall receive, atmospheric peculiarities, electrical phenomena, and the condition and operation of the receiving set accounting for the difference in tone values. These concerts are not, in a strict sense, radio concerts. They are regular symphonic concerts to which the world is invited to eavesdrop. Here is music put on the air for its own sake, and you can take it or tune it out. It is assumed that the listener wants to hear the program, and no concession is made to him. In other words, in a "remote control" offering from a concert hall, the listener is treated as though he were an intelligent music lover. But in almost all "studio" programs he is likely to be treated as though he were a not too bright grammar school girl.

With a few exceptions, most of our broadcasting stations have been building their programs about volunteer talent — especially in the mornings and afternoons. The performer who does his stuff without payment in the hope of attracting an audience or a patron for future public engagements is superanxious to please. He prepares his program to appeal to "everybody", and what "everybody" likes must be sure fire. The singer therefore selects the most obvious songs from his repertoire, the violinist indulges in the most showy or sentimental works available, and the pianist lends his fingers to the production of the most popular compositions for his instrument. Most of the volunteer artists draw on the "good" composers for material, but the restrictions imposed by the desire to make a quick and permanent impression on the hypothetical audience bring about a deadly duplication of programs and a sterile parade of Schubert's "Ständchen", Dvorak's "Humoresque", and Chopin's "Military" Polonaise.

The result of this catering to the supposed taste of an unknown public already has served to place "good" music in a rut. The onus is divided between the performer who condescends to his listeners and a minority of loudspeaker devotees who write letters praising the performers. As you may learn almost any evening, the worker before the microphone cannot estimate his effect on his audience unless he receives some acknowledgment by mail. Nothing impresses the artist and the studio management so much as a heavy postal response to a program, although even a huge radio mail — a thousand letters — necessarily speaks for only a fraction of the probable listeners. It is not easy to evaluate the quality of the epistles — but it may be said that most of them come from persons who can hear Schubert's "Ständchen" every night not only without flinching but even with delight. A test was made on one occasion by a gifted young pianist, who played within a week two different programs. The first consisted of charming and entertaining *morceaux* by modern composers; the second included as its highlight the "Maiden's Prayer". There were only two or three letters which commented on the first; the second caused a landslide.

In the past two years the paid radio artist has come into being, and he

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is beginning to supplant the volunteer. But he carries on the artistic tradition set by the performer who appeared only for glory. Business houses have purchased "time" and supplied singers and instrumentalists of undoubted standing to provide music under the auspices of the concern. This practice has raised the level of performance immeasurably, but it has not improved greatly the intrinsic musical worth of the programs. Two of the most famous singers of the present time concluded their radio recitals with pathetic airs by Irving Berlin. There is no objection to the singing of the *opera* of Berlin, even by specialists in Puccini and Rachmaninoff, but the inclusion of "All Alone" and other sad songs was not an effort to dignify Berlin; rather it was an attempt to bowl over the listener with something that he couldn't possibly miss. About a hundred famous and respected musicians have performed from radio studios in the past year; their programs were grounded on Schubert's "Ständchen", Dvorak's "Humoresque", and Chopin's "Military" Polonaise. And the ironic element of the situation is that in this line of business most illustrious artists can be beaten by nonentities who take hackneyed music more seriously and put more into it.

Almost everyone associated with the presentation of radio programs is to some degree afraid of "good" music unless it is hopelessly familiar, forgetting that most of it is quite as agreeable as the trite staples of the day. Performers who devote themselves to lighter airs are far more enterprising. No leader of a dance orchestra would dare to play the same pieces month after month, for this privilege is reserved to serious artists. The popular music purveyors are willing to try anything once, but the workers in "good" music are unwilling to try anything at any time. Now and then, an untutored recruit from the concert platform will offer something out of the routine, but his heterodoxy dies out after a few sessions on the air. After all, he argues, this is not an enlightened audience. Why waste interesting music on it?

This churlish analysis of a popular institution is not a cry of despair, for the situation could be remedied in about a month without bloodshed. A simple solution would be a blacklist of compositions that have been played and sung too many times. Even the rationing of Dvorak's "Humoresque" to one performance a week from each studio would be helpful. However, a new set of favorite pieces would be evolved in a short time, and then the blacklisting would have to be started over again. A more radical, more effective, and completely feasible plan would involve only a shift of emphasis in the publicity material issued by broadcasting stations to the radio departments of daily newspapers. Radio listeners, generally speaking, tune in on the attractions which receive most attention in print, and the radio editor usually follows the suggestions of the broadcasting station. The listener can be sold on almost any program, if the station wishes to make the sale; and if the station asked a hearing for "good" music which was not already worn out, the listener would accede and possibly write an enthusiastic letter.

A third way of escape also concerns newspapers and leads to the radio critic. At this time, there are about a dozen reviewers of radio programs in New York. With few exceptions they contrive to produce the most illiterate copy exhibited since the early days of film criticism. Some of them seem

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to have a comprehensive knowledge of something that has nothing to do with the virtues of radio programs — the mechanics of transmission. This superfluous lore apparently is their only qualification for the job. A glance through their literary output is enough to indicate that most of them don't know a contralto from a soprano or Verdi's Manzoni Requiem from "Hearts and Flowers". Few of them can discriminate between Toscanini's interpretation of Haydn's "Clock" Symphony and a musical saw whanging out "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets". Their writings are devoted chiefly to important tidings about the vacation plans of announcers, a listing of songs sung by the Pluto Trio, and curious observations about fiddlers being "heard to advantage". Their criticisms are neither constructive nor destructive; they are obstructive. Only Mr. Hawkins of the "Herald-Tribune" has done much to face the difficulties of his post.

And the radio critic's office, properly administered, is about the most trying on a newspaper. He must know enough about mechanics to determine whether unpleasant uproars are caused by bad performances or by defective transmission — which, however, should not baffle any person who has passed with a mark of 60% the examinations for the seventh grade. He must be a competent music critic, although he will not be called on for exhaustive analyses of Stravinsky's latest work or a new opera at the Metropolitan. His most valuable asset will be the ability to spot instantly any inclination on the part of the performer to truckle to his listeners with sure fire material — and this applies not only to "good" music but to political speeches, sermons, and inspiring talks for women. He must, in short, be impervious to almost every sort of bunk.

At the outset, the radio critic should be captious and violent, for the effect will be remarkable. Radio studios are tremendously sensitive to the things that are written about them. One critic has the habit of announcing in advance which program he will review, and I know of one station in which this announcement brings about fearful neuroses. From the time that the reviewer discloses the station which he plans to discuss until the critique appears, the whole studio staff is in a dangerous mood, and any subsequent printed intimation that anything was not all it might have been leads to internecine recrimination.

The appointment of a vivacious, readable radio critic will not only help to push radio programs out of their rut, but will attract thousands of new radio listeners. Furthermore, broadcasting will acquire new dignity and it will develop more rapidly an art and a technique of its own.

Radio broadcasting has developed more speedily than any form of entertainment since the movies advanced from "The Great Train Robbery" to "Variety". Its material must be predominantly musical, for the sound of disembodied speaking voices cannot long retain the attention of even the most avid loudspeaker addict. So quick has been its rise that it has become, at many points, an upstart that greets the rest of the world in a patronizing tone. Eventually there will be a reformation, either from the performers within or from capable critics without. And even if the change is a long time coming, the millions of listeners won't be able to break the spell of the box with the dials and tubes. What, I wonder, is on WOR just now?

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THE LONDONER

High Spots of the Publishing Season — "Lord Raingo" — Changes among the Publishers — Mr. Butterworth's Interview — "The Truth about Publishing" — A New Publisher — Arthur Bingham Walkley

LONDON, *December* 1, 1926.

SINCE I last wrote, the London autumn publishing season has really shown clearly what it has in mind to do for literature; and although I took an optimistic view last month I am not able to offer my readers a New Year greeting of particular cheer. For, apart from one or two examples, which I shall mention later, the books of the season have been disappointingly unsuccessful. The reason for failure which one hears most often is that the coal strike (which continues, although its end seems near) has checked trade. I wonder if this is true? I do not think it is wholly true, but it must be partly true, because when trade is generally depressed, and when money is scarce, books are among the first semi-luxuries to suffer. Readers remember the old remark of a celebrated author to the effect that "Whenever a new book comes out, I read an old one." I can imagine that old books have been well thumbed in England this year. Either that, or the thick streams of black smoke which issue from what all sufferers agree to call "foreign coal" have obliterated the new books. These thick streams have been everywhere. They have issued from factory chimneys, from the funnels of railway engines, from the hearths of house fires; and as coal has been short the shifts for comfort have been many. Icy weather, some rather dismal thoughts, and a crowded book season have helped to depress sales. The successes have been "The Silver Spoon", "Debits and Credits", "Winnie-the-Pooh", and "Lord Raingo". The first named has probably had a larger sale in this country than any previous novel by John Galsworthy; "Debits and Credits" has had the inevitable success of a new book by Kipling; "Winnie-the-Pooh" is to the present year what "When We Were Very Young" has been to its two predecessors; and "Lord Raingo" has been started off to wide sale by all the rumors as to portraiture which created a stir before ever it was upon the booksellers' shelves. Of course other books have enjoyed minor successes; but these are the ones that stand out above what has been on the whole a most disappointing season. When all promised so brightly, it is sad to find that the results are so unfortunate.

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The success of "Lord Raingo", however, is interesting, because it shows how very great an influence curiosity may be in the matter of book reading. The other month I mentioned what I had heard as to the origins of his lordship. Not having read the book, I was cautious, but I was also wrong, as I have since explained. Having now read every word of the eighty seven chapters, I am in a better position than ever to say that there is no truth whatever in the rumor that the book has anything to do with Lord Beaverbrook. The only possible association of Lord Beaverbrook and

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"Lord Raingo" is that the latter was serialized in one of the former's newspapers; and that Lord Beaverbrook's astute and energetic advertising campaign in favor of "Lord Raingo" has been instrumental in bringing many readers to a good book which they might otherwise have missed. For "Lord Raingo" is a very good book indeed. I mentioned just now that it had eighty seven chapters, which suggests that the book is episodic as well as lengthy; but the truth is that these eighty seven chapters are merely an interesting detail in a deeply interesting novel which makes fewer concessions to popular taste than any other book published by a widely read novelist in our generation. Most writers would have been unable to resist the more superficial aspects of the drama which Mr. Bennett evokes. Or they would have saturated the novel with details. They would have rushed with lively glibness into all sorts of highly exaggerated scenes, straining themselves to heighten color and emotion. They would have tried to rise to the "greatness" of their theme. Mr. Bennett, rightly as it seems to me, has chosen rather to make his book a monologue — or less a monologue than an account of the very restricted thoughts and feelings of an egocentric being. Sam Raingo, a magnate, is appointed to control the Records Department during the late war. He engineers a peerage, scores a popular success, loses his wife by violent accident and his mistress by suicide, and himself dies slowly of pneumonia. Through the whole book the interest lies rather in Sam's ruminations than in the events which give rise to them. Mr. Bennett, that is, tends more and more to the philosophic method of writing fiction, more and more to the tragic. To me, "Lord Raingo" is the most interesting development of his genius that I have seen since "These Twain". It is sombre; it is most scrupulously sincere; it rises at times to new beauty and eloquence. That it does not completely succeed in creating its own reality is due to several inescapable defects. First, it takes what we are bound to regard as the late war as its background, and improvises a war cabinet which we know did not exist. I do not see how this weakness of all political novels can be overcome. Then, owing to the fact that they are seen entirely through Sam's eyes, the minor characters are not quite vivid enough to make convincing several incidents in the book. I refer particularly to the sudden violent death of Sam's wife, and the suicide of his mistress. We can speculate about these events, if we have a mind to do so, but they do not seem to us to be truly inevitable. It is quite otherwise with the sensations of Sam as he realizes that he is dying. This part of the book seems to me to be quite masterly. To those who have imagination enough to put themselves into Sam's place, these death thoughts will be among the most profound of Mr. Bennett's searchings into the human heart. They moved me very deeply. I was entirely absorbed in them. That the majority of readers will also be absorbed is too much to expect. No doubt most of them will be repelled by the book's sober and unshrinking melancholy. Nevertheless, in reading such a book they will have come very close to one aspect of reality, and the contact, if it is truly made, will be no bad experience.

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To return to the publishing season — and to the publishing trade. I have said that the season has been bad; but I have not yet made it clear that in the trade itself events have been positively

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sensational. Well known publishing names are disappearing upon every hand. Some of the best known names, in fact, are already gone. Mr. Fisher Unwin, who has long been celebrated for his strikingly individual lists of books, has joined the board of Messrs. Ernest Benn, and Messrs. Benn have absorbed Mr. Unwin's business. The familiar premises in Adelphi Terrace are closed. The firm of John Long, Ltd., has been bought by Messrs. Hutchinson (who were recently floated as a limited company with an immense capital), and the purchase price of the Long business is freely rumored to have been very high. Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher of "A Shropshire Lad" and the onetime publisher of John Davidson, John Masefield, and the Sitwells, has declared a personal bankruptcy. And finally Messrs. Andrew Melrose have gone voluntarily into liquidation. My private information extends the doleful tale of want and disaster, but the statements made above are public, and undeniable. Given another year such as 1926 has been, many houses of the less economical or the less all-publishing types will find themselves in difficulties. The situation is alarming to all who possess insight into the lamentable conditions now prevailing. Mr. Thornton Butterworth, interviewed by the London "Evening News", has stated very candidly what are the difficulties of the London publishers. He has said that during the last two years these publishers have been struggling desperately against very heavy odds. "They have lost thousands of pounds", he adds. "Sometimes a book we think a lot of hardly sells at all. Sometimes our judgment is right, but something happens to thwart it — the book isn't published at the psychological moment, perhaps, or the public suddenly decides it wants a different sort of book. And sometimes, of course, a book for which we hardly hoped great things sells like wildfire. Publishing, in the main, is a highly speculative business; and, nine times out of ten, when one succeeds with a book it is just luck. The public taste is always changing. One day it will want the 'costume romance', the Stanley Weyman type of novel. Then it will want deep psychological novels. After that, perhaps, it will demand sex. Just now", continues Mr. Butterworth, "in novels, there is a big demand for sex. Almost every novel must have its sex element. I don't explain it: I just state the fact. Soon — perhaps very soon — the public may insist on some other kind of novel. Personally I think the next demand will be for just plain, straightforward stories. But who can say for certain? We are hampered by the crippling attitude of people in this country toward books. They regard books mainly as a luxury. Suppose their pockets are hit by industrial trouble: what do they leave off buying? Why, books. People will spend 17s. 6d. on a theatre, but they shrink from the thought of spending 7s. 6d. on a book."

All of which is quite familiar, and most of it is true. I have lately been asserting in these pages that it is impossible nowadays to foretell the books that will be successful, and have been saying that the novel which tells a good story is what we all need. Therefore I agree with Mr. Butterworth's plaint. I do not agree that nine times out of ten success is due to luck, because I think a shrewd publisher can generally carve success for himself by means of judgment. That is, I think he can ask himself the question — do I *want* to publish this book? If he is uncertain, it is better for him to send the book away. His list may remain small, he

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may miss a few books that are worth doing, but he is almost bound (if he loves books) to make a living for himself. The real trouble, of course, is that most publishers feel the necessity of having a "list". They fill up this list with books which they think other publishers might publish if they did not. Or, they fail to get any books such as they want to publish, and are forced to be content with second rate books. Their "lists" have no individuality. They gradually perish. Between those publishers who keep expenses low and achieve distinction because they have in the first place distinguished taste, and those publishers who are book merchants upon an immense scale, who publish books by the mass and succeed by mere turnover, these smaller publishers are crushed. They travel precariously from season to season, with their ups and their downs, and for several seasons they are out of all luck. Everything with them is a down. What follows? What *can* follow, except failure? New capital, of course, and more hopeful floundering, and fresh crises, will prolong agony; but in fact there is nowadays no chance for any publisher who is not one of two things. He may either be an artist, in business for love; or he can be a tremendous huckster, who publishes so many books that he swamps the market, who trades on the grand scale and is a financier. There is no alternative.

* * * *

All this reminds me to say that Mr. Stanley Unwin, the nephew of Mr. Fisher Unwin, has just published a book by himself called "The Truth about Publishing". I have not yet seen this work, and shall therefore be compelled to return to it in a future number; but I venture to assert, without having read the book, that it does not tell the *whole* truth about publishing. To tell the whole truth would be to hold the publishing trade up as one of the most preposterous callings in the whole world. I know a man, a very shrewd judge of life, and one who has had much experience of men, who says that "Authors are temperamental. But they are nothing like so temperamental as publishers and editors." Mr. Unwin's book, I am sure, will be a very serious manual, telling the world much that the world usually ignores. That it will do justice to the glorious ridiculousness of the relations between authors and publishers I do not anticipate. Mr. Stanley Unwin is an energetic and serious young man, and he is probably abreast of all the latest movements in regard to the distribution of books. He has a very efficient business brain, and just as I read that other publishers are buying copies of his book in order that the members of their own staffs may learn the trade, so I am sure that all who make themselves acquainted with what Mr. Unwin has to say will have their eyes advantageously opened. But Mr. Unwin is not — if I judge him aright — the man to present to me a convincing theory of why publishers so greatly despise authors, and why the contempt of publishers for authors is as a drop in the bucket compared with the contempt of authors for publishers. I should like to know why members of these two sections of society, mutually dependent upon one another, have such ineradicable hostility to each other. Mr. Unwin, of course, is pure publisher. He regards the publisher as important. The author regards the publisher as a dealer in a commodity. What a strange world it is! I have been prompted to these reflections by reading a review of Mr. Unwin's book. For Mr. Unwin says in his book (according to the reviewer whose words I have read)

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that "If an author's manuscript looks at all promising it has to be submitted to one or more 'readers', who report on it; its length has then to be carefully ascertained and a close estimate obtained of the cost of printing it; the price calculated at which it will be likely to bring in most money, and the probable receipts compared with the costs. Only when all this has been done can a publisher safely make an offer for a book." The book is "promising", you see, in the first instance. No indication here that the publisher is a mere intermediary between the genius and the public. Not a word about publishing for merit and the love and glory of learning and beauty. No humility. No passion for a service of mankind. It is quite evidently the publisher who confers a favor by accepting a book for publication. I had suspected this, from the manners of some publishers; but somehow the assumption has never yet lost its absurdity to me. And I am one who has seen many publishers, and many authors, also. I am one who has discerned "promise" in books, and has helped to make them commercially successful. But I still believe it is the author who writes the books, and I still believe that the publisher's job, although useful, although necessary, is upon a lower plane than that of the artist whose work the publisher is privileged to handle.

* * * *

And in all this painful business of publishing, the new publishers are almost as numerous as the new authors. Where do they all come from? Sometimes, of course, they are the same. Sometimes, just as Mr. Unwin, a publisher, turns author to tell the authors "how", an author will be transformed into a publisher. The miracle is hard to explain, but it occurs. I observe in the lists many new houses which have been established for the purpose of distributing books; among them is the house of Gerald Howe. I am credibly informed that the Gerald of this firm is a novelist and writer of short stories, and that the Howe is a Mr. F. G. Howe who was for a number of years with the Medici Society, under Philip Lee Warner. If this is the fact, we may be sure of one thing, which is that the books to be published by the new firm of Gerald Howe will be excellently well produced. Mr. Howe is an enthusiast in the matter of book production. He has a genuine understanding of typography, and has had many years of close experience in the fitting manufacture of books. Upon his side, therefore, the new firm starts with a great advantage. Upon the literary side, as represented by Gerald, the firm's first list sheds no light, but there seems every probability that subsequent lists will reveal a pleasant and most distinguished collaboration. At any rate, the experiment is a very interesting one, for this is bound to be one of the firms of the kind to which I referred earlier, which will publish books because it wishes to publish those books and no others. From such firms are likely to come good — and "promising" — books. Young authors have a strange longing to be able to find their own names in the publishers' advertisements, without having to wade through the names of a half a hundred other authors before they can do so. For this reason the younger authors in this country are more apt to bestow themselves upon those publishers who are also young and without a long list of works behind them than upon the huge book factories which absorb the more prominent and popular names.

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The death of A. B. Walkley removes a writer whose dramatic criticism was usually so lightly and dexterously written as to remain a miracle when one compared with it the slovenliness of most night-of-production notices. That this dramatic criticism was always just I do not believe. Walkley was a man of quite definitely limited sympathies and he missed the quality of some plays, as he exaggerated the quality of others. But the great excellence which he had as a dramatic critic was that he really cared about plays and the theatre simply as plays and the theatre. He was not blind to the educational possibilities of the stage; but for the guff of the amateur theatrical world, with its little plottings of self importance, he had a proper and worthy disdain. The "Times", in commenting upon Walkley's criticism, which of course appeared in the "Times" itself, says that he had "a Gallic love of work that was orderly, shapely, and finely finished". The writer proceeds to add: "Our own Elizabethans (not wholly excluding Shakespeare), and the 19th-century Russians, for instance, never appealed very closely to him. On the other hand, he found in Marcel Proust, for all his way of writing, a precision in subtlety, which he found nowhere else except in the novels of his beloved Jane Austen." These words, I think, indicate clearly enough where the limitations of Walkley's taste lay. They can be extended easily enough into the theatre, so that one can detect that he would rather see a light comedy than any other kind of play in the world. Nevertheless, my impression is that he was not insensible to the genius of Chekhov. The love of what is shapely and delicate, when it outgrows all other sympathies, is to my mind an indication of inherent vulgarity; and some months ago I drew attention to what I believed to be this fact regarding Walkley. He was, I said in effect, so refined that he was vulgar. Is the point clear? Certainly, Walkley thought it an essential thing to be refined; and those who were more superficially vulgar than he were regarded with a great deal of distaste. I never once spoke with Walkley, although I saw him often enough at a distance in the theatre. A short, stubby, rather ungainly figure; a baldish head with a greying, dark, pointed beard; a face without animation; and a complete and admirable preoccupation with the play which he was witnessing, were the immediate impressions he made upon me. He never left his seat, as many dramatic critics do, to gossip with other critics; and as a result his view of any play was his own. One would see him come quietly into a theatre, and as quietly leave it; and next morning one would read his highly polished little comment upon the play — written in a manner as unlike as possible that to be expected from his appearance. A strange life for a man to lead, it always seemed to me. For many years Walkley was a Civil Servant — he was in the Post Office — and his evenings were spent alone at the theatre. The "Times" speaks of him as a gardener — a pomologist — and as one who spoke the Latin languages with ease. I can add nothing to that. The one person I ever saw him address was William Archer. It was the first night of one of Arnold Bennett's plays. Archer and I were standing together at the back of the stalls because we had left our seats and were going out of the theatre by the time Mr. Bennett was captured and dragged to the stage to receive the enthusiastic cheers of the audience. Walkley was similarly caught, and he turned and made some smiling comment

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to Archer, as he joined very warmly in the affectionate applause which was being given to Mr. Bennett. This did not prevent him from hastening away to write an adverse criticism of the play. His adverse criticisms, indeed, were celebrated. Many years ago they caused the "Times" to be excluded from the list of newspapers which received gratuitous first night tickets from a well known actor-manager. The retort of the "Times" was inevitable. It purchased tickets for Walkley; and I am under the impression — though I do not guarantee the fact — that the "Times" was in the habit, from that day forward, of paying for seats occupied by its dramatic critics. Whether this is so or not, it would perhaps be a good plan if payment for tickets became a general custom. The critic would certainly be able to criticize more freely if his seat — or his copy of a book — had been paid for. But perhaps critics criticize freely enough already? At any rate, Walkley could always express himself with great suavity, and if he was ever offensive it was because he quite deliberately intended to be savage. It will be difficult to replace him in the columns of the "Times". There are now only two or three dramatic critics in London who seem to me to have anything to say, and not every one of these has quite the skill to express himself with delicacy and point. The young are sometimes very brilliant, and highly destructive; but form in a hurried theatrical notice is an extremely uncommon quality, and as I think of those who make hurried notices for the morning newspapers I do not recall one who has quite the dexterity of Walkley in his own particular vein.

SIMON PURE

REQUIEM FOR THE WIND

By S. Bert Cooksley

I REMEMBER how often in that cup
Of broken water mottled fishes stared
On your white fingers, fingers taking up
The water lilies, and on your arm bared
In the green cool. . . . I remember that glass
Of nervous reflection and moons of grey
Ash; where the field mice drank, and where would pass
The fear crazed owl and the too startled jay

And that child eyed hermit. . . . Once when there came
The stir of the wind and the sweetly low
Song of it, some strange thing I could not name,
That is not good to see or good to know,
Came also there and felt your hand and blew
Great lanes of stars between my world and you.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

MR. MILNE DECLINES TO WRITE AN ADVERTISEMENT

By Clara Hawkins

TWENTY years ago when Mr. Thomas Barrett bought "Bubbles", the famous painting by Sir John Millais, from the Royal Academy and inserted a cake of soap into it, it was the drawing room scandal of the season. And yet today the famous painting is nothing more nor less than the most widely known advertisement in the world. By this clever adaptation was advertising precedent established. Since that time the soap house has used many eminent artists in its advertising, and such is its reputation that the artists have not resented it.

But literary genius is different. For this reason: it rebels at being told to write anything. You see, if an artist has painted a picture that has water or a lovely lady in it — and that is a very wide scope indeed — adaptation is an easy matter. A cake of soap or the firm's name, neatly inserted, takes care of the thing. But where is your manuscript that can be so transposed? No, adaptation there is difficult!

It was Mr. Barrett who found a solution for this problem also. He instituted one of the first of the English Christmas Annuals. And so cleverly did he institute it that its real purpose — which was soap — appeared only once in the entire composition, and that was in the title. The first number of this Annual, published in 1894, contained "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens. That was a scoop for advertising! Over a million copies were sold at sixpence. This same Annual today holds a unique place of honor in that curious mushroom growth of Christmas Annuals that chokes the English bookstalls every Christmastide. From Dickens to Galsworthy it has run a straight course, easily, majestically. . . .

A few years ago I edited this Annual. The list of contributors was a distinguished one — E. V. Lucas, A. A. Milne (with a delicious "When We Were Very Young" poem, illustrated by Ernest Shepard), Heath Robinson, George Morrow, "Fougasse", and Kennedy North. All of these men were delighted to contribute of their best to "Pears' Annual". They were delighted also, as the guests of the editor, to meet the directors and Mr. Robert Pears, to dine gorgeously and well in a private room at the Ritz in Piccadilly, with a menu and decorations all done for the occasion by Kennedy North, just because it pleased his humor to do them. And yet there was a boundary line over which neither the genius of Thomas Barrett, nor the fame of his Annual and its dinners, had ever been able to make these genial literati step. Advertising! Just as much as mention that word, unhooded, undisguised, and these kindly men became adamant.

They knew vaguely of course that even a Christmas Annual might have ulterior motives not unrelated to advertising. These motives were well disguised, however, and you can do anything in England if you disguise it well enough. Besides, there was precedent for contributing to this particular Annual. Now Mr. Pears (he is fifth in direct line from the founder) had

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suddenly set his heart upon A. A. Milne's doing an advertisement. And because Mr. Milne had contributed so delightfully to the Annual, I was asked to go to see him. There was some reason to believe that Milne might do it because he liked the subject matter. We wanted him to write about soap bubbles for children. I hastily consulted Mr. E. V. Lucas, who was nice enough to advise me over all matters requiring thought. He said he didn't think Milne would do it, but wished me Godspeed. . . .

A. A. Milne lives in Chelsea, and there I went upon appointment. The houses of Chelsea are old and gracious of manner; with the classic red brick and white paint austerity of their Georgian origin relieved by brilliant doors of primary reds or blues or yellows — the happy inspiration of their present day bohemian owners. Mr. Milne's doorway was a brilliant blue. There was a little stoop in front of it where I stood for one moment to catch my breath. I rang. A maid admitted me and led me into a grey, orange curtained little room that was austere and cold. I was glad I had an appointment. This little room had an atmosphere forbidding to autograph hunters or timid maiden writers seeking comfort.

At last the maid returned and led me down a little hallway to a room at the end, the door of which she opened, at the same time announcing, "Miss Hawkins". Inside the room there was a bluish haze of nice smelling pipe smoke, and inside the smoke there was a lean, pleasant young man. He got up lazily as if he were a little tired after a long tramp on the moors. That was my impression of him — tweeds, dogs, gorse, and a pipe. As a matter of fact I don't believe he is especially any of these things; I just thought of them as he stood up to shake my hand. "I'm so glad to meet you, Miss Hawkins", he said; "E. V. told me that you were coming."

"You know me only genteelly, Mr. Milne," I answered, "in my editorial capacity. And I've come to you now in quite another one. . . . I've come as that dreadful thing, an advertising woman."

We were seated in his study, and he was softly sucking his pipe. I went on, "It's only because of the 'When We Were Very Young' poems that we've dared to approach you. . . . Because you are so wonderful about children, we wondered if you would write us a book" — he was watching me very closely now — "explaining adequately about soap bubbles. You see nobody has ever done that. . . ."

"You liked the 'When We Were Very Young' poems?" he said.

"I think the one you wrote for the Annual is almost my favorite", I answered.

"D'you know, a funny thing —" he was taking down a book from the shelf — "I discovered after I wrote that poem that Christopher Robin really has a little Dinkie. . . . He talks to him frequently, only he calls him Binker, and it's ever so much better a name than Dinkie. I shall change Dinkie to Binker when I publish it in the second volume."

"So there is to be a second?" I said.

"Here is the manuscript of the first", he replied, holding up the book that he held in his hand. "Would it amuse you to look at it?"

"But first, tell me — you mentioned Christopher Robin. Is there a Christopher Robin?"

"But of course, he's my son — didn't you know? Oh, you must meet Christopher Robin while you're here; he is 'When We Were Very Young', you

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know. I saw him on the stairs a moment ago. . . . Perhaps if we go quickly we will catch him."

He opened the door. We'd got far away from soap bubbles you see, and I could not, would not, break the spell. . . .

And there on the stairs sat Christopher Robin. He was sucking his thumb. I was terrified. Should I have to talk to him, would he be precocious? He gravely took his thumb from his mouth and said, "How do you do?" Mr. Milne answered gravely, "How d'you do?" and so did I. Mr. Milne then turned his back upon Christopher Robin and said to me, "Are you interested in old houses?"

I answered, "I have been envying you this one ever since you have been talking to me."

He looked pleased and said, "It really is a nice one, isn't it? Would you like to see it? It's rather a hobby of my wife's and mine."

I followed him up the stairs, little winding stairs that led a charming way up to the second floor. He opened a door and out came a shower of golden light. We entered the drawing room. It was a perfect little room, with Georgian panels and original cornices and a fireplace in the manner of William Kent. The whole of it had been painted a brilliant glowing yellow, with the moldings picked out in gold. On the walls, in the centre of each panel, there were pictures that were great blobs of red and yellow and orange done in the modern manner and extraordinarily effective. The room was a burning sun in the middle of grey and sober London! Milne looked at me and I nodded my head.

"You like it?" he said. "Now come and see my wife's room."

Down a narrow passage we went, through a door, and again gold flooded out upon us. Only gold this time with a glowing rose color mellowing it. There was a great Italian four poster, painted Italian chairs. It was a curious combination of modernity and ancient grace, very well done.

"My wife rather goes in for this sort of thing", he said. We returned to his study.

"You're an American", he said. "Of course you must be, else you wouldn't have been so interested in my house." And then abruptly he turned to me:

"You want me to write about soap bubbles, do you, as an advertisement [that terrible word]?"

"For children, Mr. Milne." I said it pleadingly.

He paused and looked at me and then said slowly, "You know, I think I'd rather contribute to 'Pears' Annual'."

"Mr. Milne —", I began.

"Please", he said. "You go back and write me a nice letter asking me to contribute to next year's Annual, and I shall write you something delightful."

We smiled at each other. He shook my hand appreciatively and accompanied me to the door.

"Goodby", I said, and I started down the steps, glowing because he was so nice. I had absolutely forgotten that he hadn't done a thing I'd asked him to do. The door opened again, and his head came around it. "Good luck!" he said. Then the head disappeared and the door shut.

STRAWBERRY HILL

By Anthony Clyne

STRAWBERRY HILL is being converted into a training college for teachers. Shade of Horace Walpole, avaunt forever! For embryo school-

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masters might be distracted from pedagogic studies by passing on the stairs a dapper little gentleman in embroidered velvet, conducting a cluster of pretty countesses to admire his bricabrac, or by glimpsing him in what was the Round Drawing Room, engrossed in gossip or a game of loo with garrulous bedizened dowager duchesses.

And Strawberry Hill is a place to evoke visions. The most conspicuous feature of the great gallery was the portrait of Lady Falkland all in white by Van Somer. Walpole once in the twilight imagined he saw the proud beauty step from the picture and glide along the gallery, an hallucination which suggested the hair raising incident of the figure stalking out of its picture frame in his romance, "The Castle of Otranto".

Never before or since was such a place as Strawberry Hill, "a romance in lath and plaster". Third son of the great Sir Robert, Horace had twenty eight years of parliamentary life without acquiring any distinction as a politician. Indefatigable with his pen, he left some valuable works on painting and engraving, "Memoirs" and "Journals" and "Reminiscences" providing a precious mine of material for the historian, especially of social life, and a vast collection of letters, in which he was a most delightful historiographer of the London world of fashion.

He left also a novel of which the title at least is famous, an absurd concoction of horrors and mysteries and mock-mediæval pseudo romance, the pioneer of the so called Gothic school of fiction. One night Walpole lay down to sleep, his head crammed full of Wardour Street curiosities, and dreamed he saw a gigantic hand in armor resting on the banister of his staircase. In three months he had elaborated the story which was to combine the charms of the old romance and the modern novel. But his greatest creation was Strawberry Hill.

Amid political intrigues, social revels, historical researches, he delighted in collecting fragments of tapestry and old spears and helmets, wandered entranced among cabinets and commodes, old books and old china, set up memorials to departed cats and dogs, exercised his ingenuity in joining bits of painted glass. The heart and life of the elegant trifler, like his house, was no more than a prodigious assemblage of enamels and painted eggs, vases and cameos, quaint and curious "articles of bigotry and virtue". His supreme business was to decorate a grotesque house with piecrust battlements, procure rare engravings and match odd gauntlets, disentangle intricacies of heraldic lore, and lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground.

Strawberry Hill, when he found it, was a simple place enough, a cottage near Twickenham, charmingly situated on the bank of the Thames — "a little plaything house, the prettiest bauble you ever saw". He acquired the lease in 1747 and purchased the reversion the next year. He resolved to build "a little Gothic castle" there. Up and down the land he traveled, industriously obtaining drawings of doorways and windows, groined roofs and arches, screens and tombs, from all sorts and conditions of Gothic architecture. After six years he began to add buildings in the Gothic style, continuing at intervals for a quarter of a century, until the original cottage had been transformed into an edifice without parallel.

The designs he had obtained he copied in whatever material could be em-

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ployed most easily for all manner of purposes. In the Little DrawingRoom the chimneypiece was taken from the tomb of a Bishop of Durham in Westminster Abbey; in the Round Drawing Room it was from the tomb of Edward the Confessor. One room was hung with paper which imitated stucco, another with paper painted to look like fretwork. The floor of one room came from Gloucester Cathedral, the roof of another from the Chapterhouse at York, the ceiling of the China Room from the little Borghese Villa at Frascati. In the library the books were arranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a side doorcase to the choir in Old St. Paul's, the chimneypiece imitated from the tomb of a Duke of Cornwall in Westminster Abbey, the stonework from that of a Duke of Clarence at Canterbury.

The rooms of the whimsical house were crowded with curiosities of every description, pictures and rarities of great value amid hosts of gimcrack knickknacks. Weapons of the Renaissance hung beside Indian shields made of rhinoceros hide; the gloves of James I were next to Cardinal Wolsey's red hat, the warming pan of Charles II next to the clock which was Henry VIII's wedding present to Anne Boleyn; the armor of Francis I vied in attracting attention with the mourning ring of Charles I. In the cloisters, by a screen copied from a bishop's tomb, stood that very blue and white china bowl in which the goldfish swam and the cat was drowned, to become immortal in Gray's poem.

The house and its contents were exhibited, by tickets to admit four persons, between noon and three o'clock from May to October, but only one party was admitted on each day. Horace, though he was secretly intensely gratified by notoriety, simulated the discontent of a learned hermit and fastidious aristocrat combined at this limited intrusion into his privacy.

In one room the article of supreme interest was a silver bell fashioned by Benvenuto Cellini for Pope Clement VII, richly adorned with representations of serpents, flies, grasshoppers, and other insects, to serve in a papal cursing of these creatures when on one occasion they became troublesome. In another chamber reposed in a glass case a piece of polished cannel coal, the "shew-stone" of Dr. Dee, the celebrated astrologer, used by him as a mirror in which to see spirits.

In 1842, nearly fifty years after his death, the collection of collections, which the dilettante had spent as long amassing, was dispersed under the hammer of George Robins, the renowned auctioneer, at a twenty four days' sale. A vast multitude flocked to Strawberry Hill to see the house and its contents. All is set down in a catalogue which one treasures as the best bedbook that ever could be, calculated to induce the most astonishing but always pleasant dreams, and in a series of articles in "The Gentleman's Magazine" during that year.

HOUDINI'S LITERARY ESCAPE

By Prosper Buranelli

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Houdini, known to the public as a stage trickster, was in private life a lover and collector of books. The following is an interview which was written before the magician's recent death.*

A THREE story house crammed with fifteen thousand books, fifty thousand prints, half a million cuttings and four tons of theatrical bills stands on an obscure New York block and domiciles a bibliophile—Houdini the Handcuff King.

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He is a middle aged, middle sized man with a broad head and a good profile: small straight nose and long mobile upper lip. His talk is leisurely and whimsical, and characterizes a man of reading and meditation with a dash of the theatre. He dwells among his endless books and places his mind more in them than in his handcuffs, straitjackets, prison boxes, and the trappings of necromantic illusion.

A dozen and a half rooms are lined with shelves and these with books, old, new, small, large. One is heaped with filing cases of prints. The basement is full of antique posters.

"The largest library of the stage, I think", Houdini said, "and, without reservation, the largest library on magic ever collected."

There were extra illustrated books, one superb piece an old life of Kean made into eight large quarto volumes decked with portraits and autographs of the notables named in the text, and another the diary of David Garrick unknown to his biographers; hundreds of ancient theatre programs bound; biographies made up of tabulated magazine and newspaper clippings; and innumerable plays. There were mediæval treatises upon the forbidden art; yellowed pamphlets in exposure of great sorcerers of other times; works of philosophy and antique science; poetry and sacred writings.

Houdini has run in pursuit of books for thirty years, and still runs. His fully advertised travels have been a series of fantastic escapes from handcuffs, straitjackets, and prison cells, and also a hunt over the world for books.

"When I have come to a town," he tells, "the police have tried to show me that their shackles could hold me, and have failed; the booksellers have tried to sell me many books, and have succeeded."

The genesis of this collecting fever is a curious one:

"I was a young magician", Houdini relates. "I took my magicianship seriously. I saw myself one of the subtle necromancers of old times, full of mysteries, secrets, and secretiveness. I felt that the darkness and concealments of magic must be kept from the uninitiate, and grew earnest about it. I was young and visionary.

"On public stalls I saw books exposing magic, perhaps an old pamphlet detailing the secrets of a great fire eater, or a treatise upon the use of mirrors in conjury. These books filled me with misgiving. I should have liked to suppress their editions. The editions were past my reach, but the books before me were not. I could buy them and cast them into the flames. I bought them, but did not cast them into the flames.

"My father had been one of the earliest rabbis in the middle west, a talmudic scholar of note, and a writer of speculative disquisitions. He had reared me in the love of books. I felt the sin of destroying a book, and I kept the offending volumes I bought. But I burned their title pages, lest some intruder should note where they had been printed and could be found, and gain the secrets they contained.

"I found myself with a growing library on magic, the bibliophile instinct I had inherited took full hold of me, and I collected systematically. Much of the writing about magicians lay in books about stage notables generally, and I was led to collect on the theatre."

The magician gives great credit to his wife.

"Most bibliophiles", he declares, "are unable to work a reconciliation between books and marriage. Some give up marriage for books, others books for marriage, and still others

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nourish the discordant two in their bosoms. I know a professor who gathers books in spite of his wife, as many do, and who hides the volumes he has bought under the icebox until he finds a chance to get them into his room unnoticed.

"My wife is, herself, a bibliophile. She specializes in cook books. She has gathered approximately a thousand volumes treating upon the kitchen in many languages, some very quaint. I have to do only a little of my book buying surreptitiously."

The bibliophilism of the first magician of our day has made him a full scholar, since he reads the books he collects. This fact may be gleaned from a perusal of Houdini's "Miracle Mongers and Their Methods", published several years ago. The work treats of fire eating and its secrets. The man who set out to suppress all books telling tales on magic ended by composing one himself (he had previously written "The Unmasking of Robert Houdin"), his explanation being that fire eating has gone out of vogue. The book is written with clarity and life, and shows the sorcerer-bibliophile prying into the origins of magic. He was astonished to read that Zoroaster painted his body with molten lead — astonished not that such a thing could be done, but that its secret was known at such an early time.

"I am reading Virgil today", Houdini said, "and I am delighted to find the poet a magician of ability, perhaps as capable in the art as Pythagoras. One grows sad, though, to learn how many of our modern conveniences were lacking to those fine magicians of antiquity, the Egyptian priesthood, say. Our modern mirror! I should like to dream of Virgil with a black lined stage and a set of mirrors.

"But the greatest source of ancient magical lore is the Bible. When I want the beginnings of almost any of our devices I look into the Bible first. The theocrats of the Jews, like those of the Chaldeans, were wonderfully versed in conjuring.

"A superb trick is seen in Aaron's staff that became a serpent. The Egyptian priests knew of a snake which became rigid when pressure was exerted on a nerve centre at the base of the skull, and which was set squirming again by pressure on a nerve centre at the tail. Aaron, no doubt, learned the secret from the priests."

Houdini led the way to another room.

An old man with a cavalier's mustache sat filing portrait prints. He was Alfred Becks, a figure of another period. Thirty two years of his life were passed as librarian for A. M. Palmer, the famous oldtime theatrical manager. Later he was Dion Boucicault's private secretary and librarian, and still later he served ten years at Harvard University where he founded the theatre collection. He made up the catalogue of the notable Wendell Sale of several years ago.

"He is indexing the library for me", said Houdini. "I shall keep him with me, for no man living knows as much about the American theatre as he does. He is a link with the splendid past.

"And when these tons of material are in order I shall begin major work upon an enterprise that has kept my fancy for many years — a treatise upon literary plagiarism. In my reading I have caught numberless parallel passages, and have made notes of them. I shall compile them."

All this was very scholarly, but sorcery would out. Houdini began toying with his left thumb. He pulled the thumb off the hand. Then he replaced it.

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THE BIBLIOPHILE

By Thomas Boyd

With a Sketch by Margaret Freeman

HIS passion, I have reason distinctly to remember, was old books, first editions which he had bound in a manner indicative of their contents. But how long he had been a victim of this lust I have never found out. This much is certain: he made the bulk of his wealth during our war for democracy, so much money that he must have found it puzzling to devise ways of spending his income.

He was not what you would call a cultured man, for he had absurdly ungrammatical lapses. Then there was the manner in which he furnished his apartment on Fifth Avenue, not far from the New York Public Library with its two supercilious looking lions out in front. But the fact that he was a very powerful person gave currency to his speech. His power was not physical (for he was shrunken, stoop shouldered, and nearly bald); it lay in the hard, brilliant light which shot from his old green eyes.

It is very likely that he took to old books, not from a love of literature, but from an avaricious desire to have a corner on something that was exceedingly scarce; and that this urge came to him after his reaches had reached the peak of their pyramid. Not content with rarity, he made his precious objects still more rare.

As you entered his apartment (he had several rooms with a fine view, from the top floor, of an expensive office building), the pall of nothing but wine colored plush came over you. The thick hangings before the windows were of that shade and material; likewise the portières, the huge cushions, the heavy rug, and the fat chairs. Never rising to greet you when you came in, he sat in the most obese of the chairs, his skinny figure arrayed in a wine colored dressing gown with cord and tassels. It was open across the chest, showing the immaculate bosom of a stiff shirt, the glossy lapels of a dinner coat, and a reddish, scrawny neck.

He had a button near his chair which he used to summon his Negro valet. And he could push this button without your noticing that he had moved. "Evenin'", he would greet you in his rasping, unsteady voice; and before you had got seated the Negro valet would appear with a tray on which stood a glistening decanter and two glasses. It was good liquor and worth going after. Tawny liquor, a proof of what the mystery of nature and the genius of man can do. And as you drank you felt the Negro butler-valet hovering near, but not too near. He was a huge, sleek headed buck with a blobby nose and massive shoulders. His black eyes were always swimming around in their pools of white as if they would tell of things which his thick lips were afraid to speak.

Between drinks the tenacious old devil would show you his books. "See this 'un? . . . Fergot", he would mumble. "Reckon I showed you that", he would end as he removed a first edition of "Elsie Venner" out of the revolving bookcase which stood at his right hand.

Yes, you had seen that one. The binding was rough to the touch and there were two rows of irregular diamonds running along the cover. Very appropriately, it was bound in the skin of rattlesnakes. You also had seen the veritable whaleskin binding of the first edition of "Moby Dick". And the exotic feathers, artfully placed, which made the cover for "Green Mansions". You had already mused over

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" Between drinks the old devil would show you his books "

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the flaming A which had been worked into the heavy brocade with which "The Scarlet Letter" was bound. You had also seen the tigerskin binding of an early copy of Balzac's "Passion in the Desert".

But now and again this ardent old bibliophile had something strikingly new to show you. As when he added "Les Fleurs du Mal" in the silky hide of a coal black cat to his library. Or when he brought out a copy of "The Idiot" encased in Russian banknotes of several generations ago. Those sights (and the liquor) recompensed you for being shown such obvious acquisitions as "Beautiful Joe" in dogskin, "Black Beauty" in horsehide, "The Origin of Species" in the covering of an ape. . . .

What trouble and pains he went to in order that his passion might be satisfied! One evening, after the customary greeting from his armchair and the customary drink from the glistening decanter, he reached toward his revolving case and his skinny fingers closed over a new volume.

With a gloating laugh and a shrewd, appraising look at the story he said, "You've not seen this one yet — not by a long shot", and handed it over.

There was a curious feel to the book. The binding was a kind of leather, but not recognizable. It felt thin and crackly, and was of a livid grey as if it had faded from black. There was a sort of crinkly quality about it. Also something eerie and offensive. The title page disclosed the words:

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
or
LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY
by
Harriet Beecher Stowe

A hurried glance up toward the obsequious valet revealed the fact that either he had lost all resemblance to himself or else that there stood another man, another Negro, a thin, bent, somnolent eyed person.

That old man. As the book writhed to the floor he merely sat there and drily chuckled, with an overtone of ghoulishness. The old — the old — the damned old bibliophile!

TO THE LEAST AMERICAN, IF NOT THE GREATEST, OF ALL AMERICAN POETS

By William Griffith

THEY say that Edgar Allan Poe was buried in Baltimore,
And only the other day
A signal tomb was lifted for sightseers to find,
As though he were *resting* there.
Surely Poe is not resting in Maryland soil,
Nor is he resting in any mortal thought of him. . . .
Being a strange and illusory presence,
Such as prevails in the rareness of poetry,
He is restless everywhere,
Searching, moving, having a passion to explore
Regions that reach beyond the attic or the cellar door.

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THE NEW YORKER

Lee Tracy's Triumph — Werfel Again — Popular Plays by Popular Playwrights — A Morality Play Up to Date — Here and There — Miss Le Gallienne's Venture

THE month brought a galaxy of openings, most of them with merit, and all betokening in some way that the winter season was on. The oddities of summer and fall were hurriedly removed to make way for popular stars in pieces by successful playwrights, or for promising unknowns in their vehicles by brilliant if obscure young authors who might be expected to have popular appeal. The Metropolitan Opera opened its season with "La Vestale", and presumably the music of that venerable virgin, now in her one hundred and nineteenth year, was sung with all the dignity and force appropriate for so important an occasion; but we cannot report since we were not there, being too busy rectifying a grave error made earlier in the autumn.

How it happened we do not know, but for some reason we failed to see "Broadway". Probably we consoled ourself with the thought that we could get seats at some later date if we wanted them, but the morning after that joyous première dawned on what had been an instantaneous smashing hit, and there were no seats, either for love or money, certainly not for laggard reviewers. When we finally did get a pair the night conflicted with the opera opening, but we chose "Broadway" without a quiver. We are glad that we did. It is a good substantial melodrama designed with comedy inserts on lines which are time honored, although the setting is modernized into a night club where a bootleggers' feud is being carried on. That is well enough, but it is not all. For us at least the mechanics of the piece contrived to make it completely fascinating. Here are the show girls of a night club revue in the intervals between their numbers, off duty as it were, their mechanical smiles gone while they slang one another, love, fight, hate, and expose all the pitiful travesties of their lives. And here also is Roy Lane, the hoofer — the boy who leads the chorus, puts them through their paces — a bumptious, cocksure young fellow "wedded to his art", whose humanity and wistfulness, sensed through his conception of what a comedy dancing man ought to be, won us the moment he spoke. In this part Lee Tracy scores a personal triumph which has overshadowed the success of his play, great as that is. It is sheer joy to watch his entrances and exits; so sincere is he that for a considerable part of the time we had the illusion that this was life. He doesn't act Roy Lane the hoofer, he is Roy Lane the hoofer, and there is no higher praise that we can offer.

Another young man whose work seems to us admirable is Rex Cherryman, playing this year in "The Noose", a drama by Willard Mack. Last year Mr. Cherryman was highly praised for his excellent work in "Downstream" before that unfortunate play was swept away after one week of floundering. It was enough, however, to impress him

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sharply on a portion of New York's most blasé theatregoing public — the critics. This year in "The Noose" he justifies all the favorable comments given him before. As Nickie, the boy in the shadow of the gallows, he makes his part a definite creation. The play is fair, although one act laid in a night club brings it into unfavorable comparison with "Broadway". It is well worth marking in red to see, however, if only for the acting of Rex Cherryman and also of Lester Lonergan, who as the pardoning governor is very fine.

The Theatre Guild offered as the first production of its ninth season "Juarez and Maximilian" by Franz Werfel, the young Austrian who last year disturbed many complacent theatregoers by two of his plays — "Goat Song" and "Schweiger". He is less likely to upset people with this current production. True, beneath the story of the unhappy Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, he has for theme the inference that those with the greatest humanity accomplish least, that it is only the ruthless driving forces that make marks; but this sere truth is so overlaid with pathos that one finds oneself believing that the futile Maximilian really did accomplish something by his death. Of course he accomplished nothing, left nothing except a lot of debts which the Mexican government promptly repudiated, and a story which has enabled Werfel to write a play always moving if never profound. That is something; we can think of quite a few men who have met untimely deaths for less. The settings by Lee Simonson are always stately and sometimes beautiful; and a cast of glittering names, including Alfred Lunt, Clare Eames, Arnold Daly, and Dudley Digges, gives warrant that the piece is beautifully acted. As in "The Captive", the most important character never appears; yet Juarez, who is but a name, a whisper of doom running through the court of Maximilian, manages nevertheless to dominate the play as Werfel doubtless intended that he should. The Theatre Guild has offered more entertaining evenings, perhaps, but never one more colorful.

Two playwrights, one English, one American, of — as far as one may be didactic about those things — equal merit and gifts, offered their respective season's plays: Frederick Lonsdale with "On Approval" and George Kelly with "Daisy Mayme". In the former two young couples, or young enough, leave London to spend several weeks in a Scottish country house, the purpose of the hegira being to discover whether such close quarters are conducive to matrimony. This state of affairs provides Mr. Lonsdale with an amusing if by no means new situation, and he makes the most of it. The lines are light, sure fire stuff which kept the audience in gales of laughter. We know of no playwright who can build up witty dialogue from airy nothings so competently as Mr. Lonsdale can. He picks his words and tosses them into the air, whence presently they descend in glittering streams which even the mouthings of not always inspired actors can impair. This particular cast did very well with them. As a matter of fact we thought Violet Kemble Cooper in her shrewish rôle ranted a bit too much, her voice at times rising to such a scream as is rarely heard in the drawing rooms of the great; but her blonde beauty sufficed to soothe the eyes even while the ears were deafened. Hugh Wakefield made admirable comedy of his part as the Duke of Bristol, and Wallace Eddinger, somewhat stouter since the days of "Captain Applejack", did well. The honors of the evening, however, went to Kathleen

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MacDonell. She played her rôle with such smooth humor as to lend conviction to the not always credible lines. She was, in a word, completely natural. This season we are going in for naturalism. Actors and actresses who so much as suggest that they are playing a part will find scant favor in our eyes. James Reynolds has done marvels with one of the sets — a drawing room with all the gilt and brocade magnificence of a Strozzi palace. It is the first time in our existence that we have yearned for one set to remain standing throughout an entire play.

In "Daisy Mayme" the author of "The Show-Off" and "Craig's Wife" has done something as different as possible from "On Approval". Here we have the great American middle class with a vengeance. Its foibles, weaknesses, vulgarities, and virtues are held up and exposed quite pitilessly to Mr. Kelly's sharp scalpel. He does a good deal of trimming and slicing too before the play is over. If Cliff Mettinger had not made money, the mercenary and generally unpleasant instincts of his relatives might never have been shown up; but he had made it and in consequence two sisters, a niece, and the niece's fiancé all settled down on him, sure that the pickings would be good. They made somewhat of a bluff about offering something in return for what they were about to receive, such as cooking dinner for him on his return from a trip, running a dust cloth hurriedly around the window sills, and so forth, but it didn't fool Daisy Mayme Plunkett for a minute. This person, who had been invited to spend a week by another and favorite niece, promptly made up her mind to expose the whole crew of them. She did it so well that before her visit, slightly extended, was over she had routed them all and had become the fiancée

THE DRAMA SHELF

"A Million and One Nights" by Terry Ramsaye (Simon, Schuster). The history of the motion picture is compressed into two volumes amazingly complete as to facts, and extremely readable.

"Selected Plays and Poems" by Cale Young Rice (Century). A limited autographed edition made up of selections from eighteen previously published volumes.

"The Best Plays of 1925-26 and The Year Book of the Drama in America" edited by Burns Mantle (Dodd, Mead). Casts and analyses of all plays produced in New York, and other data of interest to theatregoers, actual and vicarious.

"Juarez and Maximilian" by Franz Werfel (Simon, Schuster). The "Theatre Guild Version" of this drama of Mexico, translated by Ruth Langner.

"Saturday Night" by Jacinto Benavente, translated by John Garrett Underhill (Scribner). A new edition published upon the occasion of the play's presentation at Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre.

"Three Plays" by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Harper). The well loved "Two Slatterns and a King", "Aria da Capo", and "The Lamp and the Bell" gathered into one volume.

"Translations and Tomfooleries" by Bernard Shaw (Brentano). Containing "Jitta's Atonement", translated from the German of Siegfried Trebitsch, and some gay trifles from Shaw's own hand.

"New Plays for Mummers" by Glenn Hughes (Univ. of Wash. Book Store or French). Ten delightful satires, in verse, of current types of plays.

"The Analysis of Love" by H. M. Chieftain (pub. by the author at Central Valley, N. Y.). Subtitled "An Introduction to Metaphysics in the Form of a Play." You'll have to see it to believe it.

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of the opulent Cliff. Certainly they needed to be exposed, but on analysis Daisy Mayme's methods were not so very nice. She opened her campaign by calling these genteel ladies by their first names; she met "refinement" with vulgarity; she outraged their sensibilities by pulling up shades and ordering the piano played in a house of mourning. Social barriers meant nothing to Daisy — and incidentally she cooked better than the sisters. Perhaps Cliff was won through his stomach, or possibly he decided that one woman in the house was preferable to two. At any rate he was a most phlegmatic lover; his niece proposed for him, and the final curtain showed him and Daisy sitting placidly several feet apart without so much as a kiss to seal the bargain. "Daisy Mayme" is an admirably wrought play, put together with much skill and understanding. Personally, we did not happen to like it, but we were grateful that it provided opportunities for excellent acting on the parts of Jessie Busley, Madge Evans, and Josephine Hull.

We are going to avoid suspense by announcing at the outset that "The Pearl of Great Price" is either Chastity or Virginity — we are not sure which, but incline to the latter although the program specifically states the former. This "Drama-Spectacle in Prologue, Seven Scenes and an Epilogue", produced by the Messrs. Shubert, can only be termed colossal. More actors loll about the stage than we have seen since the days of the old Hippodrome, and the scenes — seven of them, seven — are done in the grand manner. They are conceived in the cubistic style and are beautiful always even when most ponderous; they helped us considerably through what seemed a rather long evening. Frankly, the idea of a morality play for this day and generation along the general lines of "Everyman" seems a bit too much. Heaven only knows that characters are labeled enough as it is without having the tags of Pilgrim, Greed, Loneliness, and Idle Rich attached to them. Anyway, Pilgrim sets out on her journey through a world filled with men who cast covetous eyes on her, and women who would fain do her dirt. From the home of Luxury to the studio of Fame she wanders, thence — we blush to admit it — into a house of shame. Here she kills Lust, and because of this act gets let in for a session in the Court of Humanity. But Truth easily proves that she has never been robbed of the pearl, and we were entranced to find Pilgrim, beneath her scarlet robe, dressed in white. For a few minutes we had been in grave doubt. True Love claims the lady and her pearl in the end, and doubtless they will remain happy until they land up in the divorce court. A large cast of varied talents, and some well known names including Effie Shannon, Julia Hoyt, and Amelia Bingham, did little to bolster up the performance. "The Pearl of Great Price" is a brilliant spectacle, but that lets it out.

A nice, clean, instructive play is "We Americans", which shows us how our immigrant masses learn about the Father of their Country, memorize the speeches of Lincoln, and evolve into Rotarians. The initial theme is interesting, depicting the struggle between two up to date young Jewish people and their parents whose lives are so rooted in the old country — Russia in this case — that they are unable to comprehend the needs, desires, or changed outlook of their children. This is an authentic subject. Such struggles must be going on today in thousands of homes all over the country, wherever in fact a con-

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servative past is brought into conflict with a progressive present; but as such the authors of "We Americans" did not choose to develop their theme. Presently they were turned aside for comedy purposes and inveigled into a fearful schoolroom scene where all the aged immigrants were learning to be better Americans than their children. There is nothing violently amusing in hearing people misspell words and give definitions, and so we were sad indeed before the final happy curtain fell. We were, however, glad to have seen the play. Its wholesomeness was refreshing, and it introduced us to Clara Langsner and Muni Wisenfrend, two of the best Jewish actors we have ever seen.

"Seed of the Brute" was quite, quite different. It deals with a lusty and adulterous youth whose amours with the village maidens are frequent and extensive. The opening scene shows the inside of a barn in which the seductions usually take place. It might truly be said that there was standing room only in the old grange that night. One mistress was being discarded, and another hovered in the wings waiting her turn. An unpleasant male friend with jackal-like tendencies was on hand to take the leavings of young Calvin, and our own feeling was that a traffic cop was lining them up offstage. After some good old Saxon words had been bandied back and forth, and a deal of strong arm stuff indulged in, the curtain fell, only to rise on the same characters twenty years later. The cast, however, had been augmented. So many sons of those lecherous nights were wandering around the stage that we confidently expected a voice from the balcony to sing out with a glad note of recognition, "How's my old man?" Here an interesting problem is presented: the case of a father who vastly prefers his illegitimate to his legitimate son. His attempts at conquest are quite futile, and in the end he loses not only one son but both. The Seed was stronger than the Brute. A good cast headed by Robert Ames and Hilda Vaughn did excellent work.

William Collier, Desiree Ellinger, Joseph Santley, and a company of one hundred and fifty. Music by Friml and settings by Urban. Could there be any happier combination for a good musical show? All these Arthur Hammerstein has assembled and presents in "The Wild Rose". We are tremendously enthusiastic about it—the costumes are pretty, the music good; Miss Ellinger's voice is delightful; and the comedy work is generally on a high level. All in all it is a production which should run for many months.

The Neighborhood Playhouse offered a revival of "The Little Clay Cart", a Hindu classic from the tenth or maybe the fifth century — the program did not seem to know which. We found it excellently done by these capable players, but exceedingly dull. So bored were we in fact that before the end we broke out in a prickly heat of irritation, and left the theatre declaiming that East is East and West is West and so forth.

Another repertory theatre to engage our attention is the Civic Repertory Theatre, founded by the indomitable Eva Le Gallienne who likes to play Ibsen and Chekhov, and who therefore does so even at the cost of leaving Broadway and directing and managing the productions herself. Her bills so far have been interesting, and we particularly admired "John Gabriel Borkman". It is well to consider this repertory theatre. Seats at $1.65 are a boon these days, and for that price one may see a splendid collection of well acted plays.

LARRY BARRETTO

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

TRUMPS — *Putnam.* Like "Aces" and "More Aces" this collection of short stories was compiled for the benefit of the blind; each author has made a free gift of his best current story.

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* Political Washington seen from the inside. Account of a President who had too many friends. (*See page 633.*)

THE GREEN DOLPHIN — Sara Ware Bassett — *Penn.* Yankee wit and Cape Cod cooking make a lover's paradise of this tea room and its marvelous gardens.

DREAMS AND DELIGHTS — L. Adams Beck — *Dodd, Mead.* Tales of the East, fantastic and mystical, whose most excellent feature is their occasional beauty of form.

SAINT MICHAEL'S GOLD — H. Bedford-Jones — *Putnam.* Trying to get away with Mount St. Michael's historic treasure while Chouans and Terrorists carry on a bloody war in Brittany leads to plenty of perilous adventure.

BISON OF CLAY — Max Begouën — *Longmans, Green.* Relics of the Stone Age found in a cave of the Pyrenees enabled an archæologist to reanimate those prehistoric scenes.

THE PRINCE'S LOVE AFFAIR — E. H. Bennett — *Longmans, Green.* Mrs. Fitzherbert's claim to have married the future George IV is the theme of a highly colored partizan romance.

* EARLY AUTUMN — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* Decadent New England portrayed by the best of our younger novelists.

THE MAGIC FLUTE — Sara Cone Bryant — *Houghton Mifflin.* Unsophisticated little story of a returned soldier and the girl he'd left behind him.

THE DANCING FLOOR — John Buchan — *Houghton Mifflin.* Forgotten rites of a long dead pagan religion threaten the life of a very modern Greek débutante.

WEST OF THE MOON — Anna Robeson Burr — *Duffield.* Strange shadowy figures cluster around the pertinacious quest of a young girl which leads her through innumerable perils.

* HER SON'S WIFE — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* Remarkable study of the success which an unsuccessful mother makes of the shreds of life.

THE WOLF, THE CAT AND THE NIGHTINGALE — Stanley Hart Cauffman — *Penn.* Lovers of "Quentin Durward" will welcome this romance of the Huguenot massacre on the Eve of St. Bartholomew.

THE UGLY DUCKLINGS — George Agnew Chamberlain — *Putnam.* They all become swans at the touch of this modern Mæcenas.

IN DAYS THAT ARE DEAD — Sir Hugh Clifford — *Doubleday, Page.* Reminiscences of a colonial official in the form of short stories, most of them gruesome.

THE BLACK HUNTER — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* The author of "Kazan" moves uptown and writes about the Franco-British tantrum in Canada — but of course there is lovely Anne and so on.

PALIMPSEST — H. D. — *Houghton Mifflin.* A successful striving after the rough hewn in prose by a contemporary poet.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* Mother will feel left out on reading this fine study of a father-and-son friendship and their triumph over vicissitude.

THE KAYS — Margaret Deland — *Harper.* A typical Deland story of a Civil War mother who discovered very late that harsh righteousness is not necessarily beloved of the Lord.

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THE CHARIOT OF FIRE — Bernard De Voto — *Macmillan.* A realistic romance based on the religious mania that swept Illinois about a hundred years ago.

THE SARDONIC SMILE — Ludwig Diehl — *Houghton Mifflin.* Heinrich Heine is pictured with all his faults and all his poetry.

* AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* The odyssey of a young American for which critical superlatives should have been reserved.

THE THIBAULTS — Roger Martin Du Gard — *Boni, Liveright.* The first two volumes of what purposes to be an epic in twelve, dealing with the thoughts and emotions of a middle class French family, and breathing with the pulse of life.

* INTRODUCTION TO SALLY — Elizabeth — *Doubleday, Page.* Another most amusing female who captivates everyone from a philanderer to an ascetic and spoofs them all.

* GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A continuously entertaining, wise, colorful story — with a running commentary on life and especially women. (*See page 626.*)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY —John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A book for women of meagre experience who would hate Helen venomously if she were reincarnate in Mrs. Simpson next door.

AFTER NOON — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* There is good evidence here to show that they never live happily ever afterward until the postmeridian of life.

* SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* An excellent story with an excellent background colorfully and skilfully portrayed.

POWER — Lion Feuchtwanger — *Viking.* Concerning Joseph Süss, one of the greatest financiers of the eighteenth century, who died on the gallows at the height of his power. The incredibly romantic story has lost nothing in translation.

THE CUBICAL CITY — Janet Flanner — *Putnam.* An original portrait of a sluggish Ohio blonde boxed up in Manhattan.

A MAN COULD STAND UP — Ford Madox Ford — *A. and C. Boni.* The concluding volume of Mr. Ford's stimulating trilogy of the war which is in all ways worthy of its fine predecessors.

WAYS OF ESCAPE — Noel Forrest — *Little, Brown.* A modern patriarch rules sternly, and the wife and daughters seek deliverance from the tribal taboos.

MARTIN HANNER — Kathleen Freeman — *Harcourt, Brace.* The intricate and not especially interesting psychology — especially in relation to his love affairs — of a British professor of the classics.

* PREFACE TO A LIFE — Zona Gale — *Appleton.* A story at once moving and terrifying — by far her most important book. (*See page 627.*)

* THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* The English domestic novel by this twentieth century Jane Austen.

* LABELS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* What has the great war done to modern youth and age?

* THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* Brittle, brilliant, sophisticated — a story of man's pomposities and woman's grace.

THE TWO VIRGINITIES — Herbert S. Gorman — *Macaulay.* Two armored souls in a sinful age, as seen by a pitiless chronicler.

THE WIDOW OF EPHESUS — Mary Granger — *Putnam.* An unusually clear character study is almost drowned in a flood of verbiage.

CONFESSION — Cosmo Hamilton — *Doubleday, Page.* Beneath a sparkling surface play of wit and pathos there runs a turgid stream of sensuality.

THE SUN ALSO RISES — Ernest Hemingway — *Scribner.* A novel of futility, staccato and compressed, dealing with sundry neurotic victims of the late war, its tragedy heightened by restraint, its dialogue a joy.

TAMPICO — Joseph Hergesheimer — *Knopf.* A full blooded novel of character and atmosphere.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* Sentimental romance for those who like their fare cloying.

JOANNA GODDEN MARRIED — Sheila Kaye-Smith — *Harper.* Entertaining but not quite successful continuation of "Joanna Godden", and several pleasant little tales. (*See page 633.*)

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DEBITS AND CREDITS — Rudyard Kipling — *Doubleday, Page.* Wherein the old trooper settles his account with the public by offering a set of short stories and poems.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* The scene is laid out where women are brave, men are earnest, and excitement comes in spurts.

THE BIG MOGUL — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Adversity strips a local American chieftain of his paraphernalia and shows that he is more than pretense and blah.

PERELLA — William J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* An English lass and a tired young architect meet in flamboyant Italy; could anything but a moving tale result?

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* The naive soliloquy of a maiden who thinks she could make a butter and egg man out of a bishop.

BLENCARROW — Isabel Mackay — *Houghton Mifflin.* A pleasant love tale of the Canadian provinces whose brief glimpses of humor gave us an appetite for more even at the expense of the sentimental story proper.

ORANGE STREET — S. P. B. Mais — *Brentano.* An unhappy publicity director discovers the depths of life through a brutal poet in a readable, if long drawn out, novel.

GABRIELLE — W. B. Maxwell — *Dodd, Mead.* Well told romance of caste and class in which propinquity and pertinacity nearly work havoc.

SOME FOUND ADVENTURE — Robert E. McClure — *Doubleday, Page.* The effect of Paris night life on a soldier in the war for democracy is here dramatically related.

* THE FIDDLER IN BARLY — Robert Nathan — *McBride.* Wistful fantasy of roosters, crickets, and a small girl who wanted a yellow dress. (*See page 628.*)

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN — Frances Newman — *Boni, Liveright.* A belle of Atlanta set forth in a manner highly pleasing to Mencken and Cabell.

HILDEGARDE — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Effectively patterned is this account of a girl who tried to step from squalor to happiness and landed in a ten years' mess of desperation.

HARVEY GARRARD'S CRIME — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* For God, home, and family fortune is this crime committed; there are women and mystery.

THE DARK DAWN — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* The marriage of a youthful idealist to a domineering woman, older than himself. (*See page 632.*)

BELLARION — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* What is life without a home? The great warrior of the fifteenth century never became the Fortunate until he won the Princess Valeria.

THE LAST DAY — Beatrice Kean Seymour — *A. and C. Boni.* Clever analysis of a woman's hidden self. (*See page 632.*)

THE COAST OF ENCHANTMENT — Burton E. Stevenson — *Dodd, Mead.* A good workmanlike romance with a lively plot.

OUR WISER SONS — Ralph Straus — *Holt.* Big Business provides scope for the realization of romantic dreams.

TIDES — Ada and Julian Street — *Doubleday, Page.* Three generations of two interesting families grow up with America.

THE DEAD RIDE HARD — Louis Joseph Vance — *Lippincott.* Hungary's death throes and the fall of Zita are described with horrifying detail and rancorous partizanship.

NIGGER HEAVEN — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* Very largely a blackface performance of Mr. Van Vechten's other delightful casts.

* HARMER JOHN — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* The Cathedral town receives a strange, likable, dramatic, and memorable hero.

* THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD — H. G. Wells — *Doran.* H. G. Wells's greatest book — an outline of man's mind.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* With a circulation approaching that of the New Testament, it has set the standard for action yarns.

* BEAU SABREUR — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* An astonishing mêlée of ruffians, an American virgin, sheiks, and a French officer which any punctilious reader will enjoy, whether he admits it publicly or not.

* THE ORPHAN ANGEL — Elinor Wylie — *Knopf.* This extraordinary author's masterpiece. The best poet hero that ever breathed. (*See page 625.*)

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "The Outline of History" by H. G. Wells (Macmillan). Those who have read it, as well as newcomers, are referred to the new two volume edition, lavishly illustrated, and brought up to date. New material is included, such as an outline of the history of literature.

2. "Limehouse Nights" by Thomas Burke (McBride). An unusual gift editon of these stark tales, illustrated by Mahlon Blaine.

3. "The Crock of Gold" by James Stephens (Macmillan). Woodcuts and color plates carry out the spirit of this charming fantasy.

4. "The History of Rasselas" by Doctor Johnson (Dutton). The Doctor's excursion into romance dressed up with woodcuts and introduced by G. K. Chesterton.

5. "The Golden Treasury" by Francis Turner Palgrave (Doran). The perennial favorite, this time adorned with color plates and handsomely bound.

A Masterpiece of Fun and Wisdom

IN "The Orphan Angel" (Knopf) Elinor Wylie stirs the mind, delights the soul, and tickles the ribs. It is by far her best book, which statement in no way subtracts from the exquisite precision of "Jennifer Lorn" or the dainty slyness of "The Venetian Glass Nephew". The beauty of Elinor Wylie's craftsmanship, as is true of many great writers, lies in the fact that a dozen different people may read her book and come away with a dozen different impressions. I have even heard women say, "'The Venetian Glass Nephew' is all very sweet and pretty, but what a strange book for Elinor Wylie to have written!" Now "The Venetian Glass Nephew" is as sly and as ironical and, at times, as bitter a book as I know. Burton Rascoe, when he read "The Orphan Angel", arose blubbering that the author had made her Shiloh, the name she finds for Shelley, talk like "The Duke of Noodlesoup". Well, Burton Rascoe cannot have lived and dreamed and worshiped Shelley as I think Elinor Wylie has. She has read her Shelley letters, and her Shelley poetry, and the Lives of Shelley, until she has been imbued with that serious, grandiloquent air, that delightful pomposity, which was fifty per cent of the charm of the man, as much so as his physical beauty; his childlike wonder at life, his poetic genius. Rescuing her hero from a watery grave, she plops him down in the midst of rough sailors, and sends him across America with a naive and worshiping young man named David Butternut. The contrast afforded makes for delicious comedy, and for pathos, too. You may read this extraordinary book for loveliness of style, you may read it as a first class adventure, you may read it as one of the best interpretations of the character of a poet that have ever been penned. In every sense, it is a magnificent performance. It is unfair to Elinor Wylie to quote, but I cannot resist a passage or two like, "If a ghost were made of fire instead of graveyard mist it might wear for one night the fierce and luminous grace of Shiloh's beauty"; and, for contrast, David's remark to Shiloh, "Reckon you was smart at knotting reef-points 'cause you just naturally

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liked 'em. . . . You certainly are god-damned clumsy with a mule."

Conspiracy Against Guinevere

JOHN ERSKINE'S Shavian wit and his immense erudition about women do come as a surprise from the academic cloisters of Columbia. "Galahad" (Bobbs-Merrill) is a satisfying book from every standpoint. It is less a satire than "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and more a story, yet it is none the less entertaining. The character of Guinevere is far more complex than that of Helen. The world famous beauty in the hands of Mr. Erskine was passive, but Guinevere is active. She is feminism personified. Before her mankind fades into oblivion except as destined for her uses. Aware at every turn of Freudian psychology, Mr. Erskine never lets it tread harshly in his pages. His sneers at the lady Guinevere are delicate. They are almost unnoticed, until as the book goes on its delightful way we become more and more conscious that Guinevere was just a — well, whatever you call your heroines when they are villains and more than that. King Arthur is thoroughly lovable, although entirely too forgiving. Launcelot becomes a passionate and a likable fool, and Galahad, poor Galahad, with all his bravery and his fine spirits, just another creation of Guinevere who, like many older women who cannot possess a man, makes of him a hopeless prig so that he will never fall in love with another woman. The Elaine of Mr. Erskine's story is a fine person. She is the real woman. She would have made Launcelot an excellent wife. However, there was always Guinevere. Perhaps, one might say, there is always Guinevere. As clever a book as I know — one which should pique women and amuse men, and cause many a hearty discussion over dinner and card table in the long winter months ahead, with their inevitable wrangles of domesticity.

Laughter Seasonal or Not

REVIEWING a book of humor is almost as difficult a task as being spontaneously funny. Is this book funny? Is it pretty funny? Is it totally without humor? Humor is almost as individual a matter as falling in love. I have even known people to fall in love with humorists. I have even known humorists to be taken seriously. Indeed, some humorists take themselves seriously — and so it goes.

Sooner or later someone is going to fall in love with Frank Sullivan if Miss Hepplethwaite has not already done so, or even if she has. His first book shows his fresh wit admirably displayed in bold type and with a jacket by Milt Gross. Seriously, here is a book you shouldn't miss. I have made this remark so often that I am afraid you will not take it in the way I mean it now. Suffice it to say that "The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite" (Boni, Liveright) is a grand and glorious book. So, likewise, is Donald Ogden Stewart's "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris" (Harper). It is human, wise, ridiculous, appealing. It underlines my belief that Don is one of the few humorists of the age that can be persistently funny. There are plenty of people who will say it is not so funny as "The Crazy Fool"; but to every one of those there are plenty more who will say it is funnier. It is.

Will Rogers's "Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President" (A. and C. Boni) is immense. Pretty soon my

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superlatives will run out, and when I come to such authors as Milt Gross and Mary Roberts Rinehart I shall have none left but "gorgeous", an adjective which my wife long ago told me has no place in my vocabulary, at least around the house. The funniest part about Mr. Rogers's book is that no one will appreciate it more than Mr. Coolidge. Coolidge is a great humorist, and his humor is much the same in its dry quality as that of Rogers. I should like W. E. Hill's "Among Us Cats" (Harper) if for no other reason than for his masterly picture of "The Book Department", displaying boldly an announcement of "Mrs. Frisk, Six of Her Lives", by Alexander Woolycoat — "Clean Fun".

George S. Chappell is funnier than he has been in some years in "The Younger Married Set" (Houghton Mifflin). His book is illustrated by Gluyas Williams, which bare statement should be sufficient stimulus for the initiate. "Sweet and Low" (Simon, Schuster) introduces a new humorist who seems not so funny to me as he does apparently to every other reviewer in the world. Corey Ford is consistently amusing in "The Gazelle's Ears" (Doran), Milt Gross's masterpiece is "Hiawatta" (Doran), and "Tish Plays the Game" (Doran) is, I promise you, simply gorgeous! There! Take the books home under your arm and prepare to have a good giggle. I cannot wish you a merrier Christmas, nor a better way to say goodby to all your resolutions to have the holiday cheer analyzed before you feed it to your friends.

Blake Mortalized

BIOGRAPHY is a most subtle art, particularly in the case of literary studies. The day is one of keen journalistic biography and of fictionized biography. It is therefore doubly difficult for an author to attempt a solid piece of criticism which shall be at the same time interesting. In the main, the new volumes of the "English Men of Letters" edited by J. C. Squire (Macmillan) have been excellent, and "William Blake" by Osbert Burdett is praiseworthy in its way. But if ever a figure of flame and of beauty was mortalized, it is Blake as brought down to human proportions by Mr. Burdett. Some biographers attempt to humanize their subjects. I suspect Mr. Burdett of intending to do just that. Instead, he has limited his Blake, he has made him prosaic and dull. He has given us fine pages of literary criticism, but not that sort of interpretative criticism which is needed for so complex and dramatic a figure as the poet, artist, mystic, Blake. This volume, therefore, angered me as did few books I have read recently. It is like a slug on a rose. Mr. Burdett has done his job so well and so completely that we now have William Blake carefully shut up, locked and bolted, in a prison of the matter-of-fact.

Zona Gale Ventures into the Asylum

"PREFACE TO A LIFE" (Appleton) is an ambitious book not thoroughly successful; but it marks a distinct advance over "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Faint Perfume". It presents another picture of a character for whom the decisions of life are too much, a character who chooses wrongly and cannot abide by his choice, and at the last goes mystic in so large a sense that the world thinks him insane — I am inclined to believe Miss Gale thinks so also. This résumé does not give a fair or a pleasant picture of a novel which contains fine writing, dramatic

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situations, and a good deal of quiet humor. It shows more than anything else that Miss Gale is an artist who is not content to harp on one string. It displays a sharpening sense of character and a fine development of power in reconstructing scenes, places, and moods.

Robert Nathan, on the other hand, in "A Fiddler in Barly" (McBride) has produced another fantasy in his old mood, a fantasy which is in every way delightful. I can ask nothing better of Mr. Nathan than that he go on writing books which I shall always read with keen pleasure; books which display a quietly ironical philosophy and a keen regard for the gay little moods of life. This time he adventures into the barnyard, and again shows us the futility of dreams and the necessity for dreaming. That he exhibits no new talents, simply a sharpening of the old, is not a criticism but only a comment by a reviewer who finds it difficult to say new things about the books of his favorite authors when they seem so like the other books of the same favorite author.

Poets Small and Large

THE greatness of Thomas Hardy has never been more apparent than it is in his "Collected Poems" (Macmillan). This serene poet has a quiet strength against which smaller voices of the day beat like silly ripples. Much of his poetry is difficult, but much of it, too, is instinct with lyricism and simple beauty. James Stephens's "Collected Poems" (Macmillan) exhibit similar strength but in a less rugged manner. Here is witchery and beauty and wit and a genius that is minor only in the sense that it treats of rarer moods — moods, to be sure, that have in them more of magic. Of other poets, there are not many that speak with authority. In "Silhouettes Against the Sun" (Dutton) and "Frost Fire" (Small, Maynard), Arthur Crew Inman shows again what a careful workman, what a sincere artist, he is. If the height of genius is missing, a very special talent, a very fine sense of imagery, is undoubtedly there.

Ben Ray Redman's "Edwin Arlington Robinson" (McBride — Modern American Writers Series) is a pleasant estimate of the great poet. By pleasant, I do not mean that it is not a good piece of work. It is. The best estimate of Robinson that has been done, it yet lacks that deep sense of Robinson's New England character which will some day be present in a Life. I am amused at the number of times Mr. Redman finds it necessary to quote Miss Lowell, or to refer to her. If I had time to count, I shouldn't be surprised to find that he had used the name Amy Lowell in his book almost as many times as he does Robinson.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

STRANGE COMPANY

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

IT is a strange company brought together in the arbitrary grouping of these three books, yet a company whose members, could they have foregathered in the life, would certainly have found stimulation, and probably keen delight as well, in one another's society. Picture them castaways together on the conventional desert island of the imagination: the New Englander who for years stood so conspicuously a bulwark of the sounder education; the English knight who, in his diplomatic capacity, made a profound study of Africa long before the story spinning urge moved him to the writing of "She" and "King Solomon's Mines"; and the clever newspaper man and magazine editor, riotous of the west and its spirit of picturesque exaggeration. What a diversity of interests and experiences! What long nights of talk under the Southern Cross after the day's labor of clam digging and root burrowing for sustenance!

Dr. Eliot and Sir Rider Haggard are in the past tense; Mr. Davis very much in the present. Dr. Eliot died last summer at the great age of ninety two, and the biographical study which introduces the collection of papers illustrating the range of his thought is a survey of his entire career from 1834 to 1926. Sir Rider was born in 1856 and died in 1925, and his autobiography covers the first fifty six years of his life, beginning with his earliest recollections and carrying down to September 25, 1912. It deals with his life in South Africa and his literary career, and also with activities comparatively unfamiliar to those who knew him only as a writer of romances.

The personal Dr. Eliot, according to his biographer, was not the austere man his appearance suggested. Even a slight intimacy revealed much geniality, kindness, and humor. It was his courageous frankness of utterance that sometimes frightened the timid. Something of the quality of the man is shown in his political leanings. He had no sympathy for blind partizanship. He was a strong supporter of Woodrow Wilson in his Mexican and European war policies, and a believer in the League of Nations. He voted three times for Cleveland, but he could not support Bryan; he was for Roosevelt in 1904 and for Taft in 1908; but again for Davis against Coolidge in 1924. The famous "Five Foot Shelf" grew out of a remark in a speech that a shelf five feet long would contain the books which, if read diligently for but fifteen minutes a day, would make of the reader an educated man.

To the middle eighties, when Haggard was turning his thirtieth year, belong "She" and "King Solomon's Mines", the two novels that are likely always to be associated with his name. His first venture in fiction, however, was "Dawn", which was several times rewritten and at various stages in its development was known as "Angela", and "There Remaineth a Rest". Then came "The Witch's Head". "King Solomon's Mines" was written in the evenings of six weeks. That was the period of the author's greatest productivity. Between January, 1885, and March 18, 1886, with his own

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hand he wrote "King Solomon's Mines", "Allan Quartermain", "She", and "Jess". Like "King Solomon's Mines", "She" was a task of six weeks. It was written at white heat, almost without rest, and the manuscript carried but few corrections. Andrew Lang read "She" in proof for serial publication, and wrote to the author: "I certainly think it the most extraordinary romance I ever read."

Dr. Eliot is introduced by William Allan Neilson; Sir Rider Haggard by C. J. Longman. Very appropriately Mr. Davis is sponsored by Irvin S. Cobb, who prefers to the formal Robert H. Davis the "Bobdavis" known to sundry millions. This "Bobdavis" was, and still is, a great reporter. He is a great editor, who has been called "the author of the authors". He is a great friend. Of the book in hand let Mr. Cobb speak: "Presidents or pugilists, murderers or moralists, statesmen or stick-up men, pennyweighters or prelates, divas or dive-keepers, it makes no difference — before his shrewd, appraising, kindly eyes they turn themselves inside out and let him see the ravellings in the seams which have been kept hidden. This broad, fat, homely man with his pointer's cleft nose and his jester's smile — he gets them and they stay got. This may be because he never abuses a confidence, nor turns a deaf ear to the entreaty of the soul that is troubled. . . . He is the most unselfish, the most generous, the most modest and forbearing creature I ever met — and that goes for bird dogs, too."

Charles W. Eliot, The Man and His Beliefs. Edited with a biographical study by William Allan Neilson. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers.

The Days of My Life. By Sir H. Rider Haggard. Edited by C. J. Longman. Two volumes. Longmans, Green and Company.

Over My Left Shoulder. By Robert H. Davis. D. Appleton and Company.

THE MAN TURGENEV

By Jacob Zeitlin

A BIOGRAPHY of Turgenev is certainly something to be grateful for. Being more consistently objective than Tolstoy or Dostoyevsky, this writer does not reveal his personal features as clearly in his work. In reading his novels one gets the impression of a character refined, idealizing, melancholy with the inevitable sadness of the Russian landscape, at times gloomy to the verge of despondency, yet struggling to assert the value of courage, honor, and beauty in the scheme of human life. One catches a reflection of defective energy in the recurring Hamlet-like heroes of his stories, born into a society that is out of joint and utterly helpless to set it right. One can hardly misconstrue the significance of these sympathetic creations as projections of the novelist's own personality. Then there is the social Turgenev, whom we see moving as a familiar figure in the literary circles of France in the seventies — genial, courteous, expansive, a charming blend of gentleman and artist. There is still another aspect of Turgenev, not so well known to western readers, represented by the impression which he made on contemporary Russians. To Tolstoy he seemed terribly lacking in seriousness, and Dostoyevsky disdained him as an affected fribble, a man destitute of principle, without a God and without a country.

It is this last view which Dr. Yarmolinsky, deliberately or otherwise, brings into focus in telling the story of Turgenev's life. The note of futility is struck with the account of his colorless schooling in Russia and is maintained with very little variation to the end. We see the large, fat, languid youth dawdling in Germany over the

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irrelevancies of Hegel, simply because Hegel was then in fashion with the young intelligentsia. We see him on his return to Russia, thrown partly on his own resources by a despotic and irrational mother, trifling lackadaisically with the civil service and filling intervals of boredom with halfhearted love making and equally halfhearted versifying. Then comes his meeting with the celebrated singer, Pauline Viardot, who is to occupy the most important place in his life for the next forty years. But even this unique attachment serves only to bring into relief the lack of virile dignity in Turgenev's nature. His intense enthusiasm, which soon developed into passion, never met with any other response than Platonic friendship from the lady, who was virtuous as well as correct in her relations with men. Turgenev was content to be accepted on a footing of pure friendship, in time established himself in the household of the Viardots, treated the children, and later the grandchildren, with the affection of a doting uncle, brought his illegitimate daughter, born of an affair with one of his mother's domestics, to be educated by Madame Viardot, and in the end acquired the title of "the unofficial husband", maintaining his situation through the indulgent tolerance of the official one. It is surprising that a man of any pride could have endured such a position. But it is in keeping with many other facts of his life. Time and again when he is brought into relations with a nature of superior moral strength he shows a tendency to surrender himself to its domination. In his student days it was the young idealists Stankevitch and Bakunin, at the beginning of his literary career the critic Belinsky, and later the critic Dobrolyubov, whom he was anxious to propitiate. This weakness discloses itself even more flagrantly in a habit of expressing contradictory views to different persons in accordance with the prejudices of each. It sometimes gives an appearance of duplicity to his dealings with men, though it is merely an excess of easy-going complacency.

Yet there is a psychological puzzle in the case. He withstood successfully the pressure of such forces as Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. His unaggressive but steadfast adherence to his own course as a writer, in spite of the attacks made upon him by these great contemporaries and echoed by most Russian readers, is indicative of an element in his character of which Dr. Yarmolinsky's book scarcely takes account. How does it happen that a man who is without self reliance, writing in response to an irresistible urge but with no confidence in his power as a writer, who likes his own ease and his pleasures better than anything, who desires the good opinion of his friends and of the whole world, should yet publish one story after another which he knows will call down on him the denunciation and execration of his countrymen of all parties? For that was the history of Turgenev's novels. The acclaim which greeted his first important book was drowned in the cries of indignation which came from both liberal and conservative camps on the appearance of "Fathers and Sons", "Smoke", and "Virgin Soil". The public was little interested in truth of nature or artistic finish. It wanted to see its favorite ideas presented sympathetically. A book in those days was an act in the social and political struggle, and it was a supposedly self indulgent, spineless expatriate, indifferent to the stern demands of life, who in one striking novel after another exhibited the social forces of his day with a conscientious impartiality which, till the

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closing years of his life, won him little but universal displeasure. Whatever doublings he may have been guilty of in his private correspondence, before the public he maintained a consistent front of intellectual honesty and artistic truth.

There is clearly a difficulty to be resolved in a just appraisal of this character. The epitaph, in which Dr. Yarmolinsky sums up the qualities of Turgenev, suggests the complexity:

> Here indifferent earth covers one who loved the light above the earth, as it shines upon all that is vowed to darkness, but chiefly as it illumines the human face; one who abhorred alike brute nature and brute man; one who laughed at the fool, scorned the coward, and decried the slave housed in his own flesh; one who worshiped the selfless man, exalted the temperate, and trusted the enlightened; one who, being a skeptic, could not act, yet, being a citizen and a poet, must speak; one who, erring much, knew no fulfilment, save in his art, but felt no envy, save of the young; a man without allegiance, except to reason, without faith, except in virtue, without a firm conscience, save with respect to the craft he practised for forty years; one who sought, so far as his age and his people could reveal it, to know and utter the truth which sets men free.

But the impression made by this epitaph is not the one created by the book as a whole. If Dr. Yarmolinsky had not so easily taken the artist in Turgenev for granted, if he had been less casual and perfunctory in discussing Turgenev's work, he might have enabled us to see "the man and his art" in their integral relationship.

Turgenev: The Man — His Art — and His Age. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. The Century Company.

A QUARTET OF NOVELS

By Louise Maunsell Field

WHEREVER a small group of people is isolated, there tragedy develops. For in little communities large desires and ambitions are doomed, not necessarily to frustration, but almost inevitably to restriction; so compressed, they become dangerous as steam denied an outlet. It is the results of such restriction, wrecking four lives and at the moment of the author's intervention about to wreck two more, which Martha Ostenso shows us in her new and dramatic novel, "The Dark Dawn". For if Hattie Murker's strength of will, her pride and her craving for power and always more power, had not been walled in by the circumstances of her life in the village of Loyola, she might have developed into a noble woman, even into a happy one. We see her through the eyes of Lucian Dorrit, the boy of dreams and idealisms she sacrificed to her own purposes, using his ignorance and chivalry to trap him into a marriage he did not desire. Hattie had money; but to carry out her plans for the shaping of her life, a husband was needed. Her ruthlessness is like that of the prairie itself; her desire for power, forced to express itself in petty tyrannies, the revelation of her secret and of the long, carefully concealed warfare between herself and the one person she really loved, are presented by means of incident, not explanation. The novel is well knit, interesting, dramatic in its clash of character on character, effective against its background of menacing quarry and snow covered prairie and the cold, deadly order of the house in which three ill assorted people played out the ugly drama of their lives beneath a smooth appearance of harmony.

Turning from "The Dark Dawn" to "The Last Day" implies a longer mental journey than from the stern prairies to the rich loveliness of Devonshire; a journey from the all but primitive to the ultra sophisticated. The action of Mrs. Seymour's novel all

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takes place within a single day; its characters are the six people who have come together on a holiday party to a little town on the Devon coast. In plot, the story belongs to the familiar order of the triangle; but what really matters is not the plot, but the presentation, at once subtle and brilliant, of Hermione Graham, modern, extremely civilized, *poseuse* almost to the core. The crux of the novel lies in that "almost"; there comes a moment when Hermione, the slim and cool, the delicate and imperturbable, "lovely in her remote inaccessibility", sees her real self — which is, as she admits, not a very nice self — and, what is worse, destroys the halo she has always worn in the eyes of the man who after all counts most. For none of those who, in one way or another, caught a glimpse of the real Hermione could endure her, however much they might adore the Hermione of their dreams. Very well written, handled with a graceful, apparently effortless dexterity, "The Last Day" is a novel for those who care for the complexities of character rather than for its simplicities.

Enacted behind the scenes of the political stage at Washington, the "Revelry" of Samuel Hopkins Adams's novel is of cynical type. The story centres about Willis Markham, President of the United States, whose views were those of a small town politician, but who did the very best he could according to his decidedly dim lights. He was personally honest, warmhearted, kindly, lovable, intensely loyal to his friends. He would not believe a word against the half dozen pals he loved, yet they were a crowd of crooks and grafters. Though several of them were truly fond of "Old Bill", they used him for their own purposes, which were identical: a desire to fill their pockets. There is a neatly woven plot, culminating in an oil scandal and Markham's narrow escape from impeachment, an escape effected in a way which gives him "an indestructible place in the love and trust and pious memory of the millions of ordinary, he-man and she-woman Americans of his own kind". Written apparently from inside knowledge of the political game, the novel holds one's interest, if it does not enhance one's respect for the powers that be in these United States.

Sequels are seldom satisfactory, and "Joanna Godden Married" is no exception to the general rule. It is well done, of course, and there are moments when Joanna shows something of that abundant vitality which made her early story so notable. But as a whole, the novelette is perfunctory, with a pervading air of having been written because the author was advised to write it, not because she was impelled by any vivid conception of character or situation. Of the eight short stories which complete the volume two are fairy tales, while the other six belong to the countryside. They are good average stories of no particular distinction.

The Dark Dawn. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead and Company.
The Last Day. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Albert and Charles Boni.
Revelry. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boni and Liveright.
Joanna Godden Married, And Other Stories. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper and Brothers.

MARRIAGE FROM VARIOUS ANGLES

By Margaret Wade

TWO reporters, separated by a matter of five hundred years, deposit, as it were, on the well worn steps of the divorce court their views on marriage. On the one hand is "The Fifteen Joys

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of Marriage", dating from circa 1400, and on the other, "The Marriage Market", containing more recent English matrimonial notes.

Apparently there is nothing new under the sun even in matrimony, since what are sardonically listed as the "Joys of Marriage" in the fifteenth century are indubitably paralleled by any number of anecdotes resurrected in "The Marriage Market". The ladies described in the quaint language of Mr. Aldington's fine translation are all so many gold diggers, although they were dubbed shrews, termagants, and scolds. But if the "Fifteen Joys", for all its quaintness, were to fall into the hands of a modern feminist there would certainly ensue an explosion — in fact a violent retort against the wretch who could launch such a lopsided indictment at woman, crediting her with all the vices from caprice to lechery, and bemoaning the fate of man trapped in matrimony. Nevertheless, until further notice, "The Fifteen Joys" will probably remain the standard work on marriage, receiving as it does daily corroboration from the tabloids.

"The Marriage Market" is an entertaining survey of the most notorious and the most notable cases of matrimonial failure and success from the Earl of Berkeley's belated secret marriage to Queen Victoria's indomitable matchmaking. Mr. Kingston allows the facts to speak for themselves. Although there are plenty of cases wherein the lady was conspicuously in fault, there is also a good deal of evidence to indicate that the man is often the marriage wrecker.

Either of these works would be exceptionally useful as a handbook for ladies who wish to annoy their husbands, for they both teem with practical hints on this indoor sport. Perhaps their adaptation to this healthy purpose would give the men a bit of a jolt and discourage them from writing down so explicitly their domestic woes.

Count Keyserling's "Book of Marriage" will be treated at much length, I understand, in another issue of the magazine. If I say that it is too technical for treatment by me I do not mean that it is not a readable book. It is extremely readable. But when I discovered that the brave Count considers unhappy marriage as a fine thing for the development of character, discouragement overcame me. Now I am sure that there are plenty of unhappy marriages; if, therefore, Keyserling's theory is correct, the development of the race's character is progressing rapidly. But, one may say, what is character in comparison to happy marriage? Thousands of characters are sacrificed every day to love affairs.

To complete the bookshelf for marriagees, Professor Westermarck has condensed his "History of Human Marriage" into "A Short History of Marriage". (Why does the word "human" disappear, I wonder.) Here we go back to the origin of the institution, thence to such fascinating subjects as "Endogamy", "Exogamy", and "Marriage by Capture", and, finally, to "The Duration of Marriage and the Right to Dissolve It". A formidable index lists everything from "Adultery" to "Zoroastrianism".

The Fifteen Joys of Marriage. Ascribed to Antoine de la Sale (1388–1462). Translated by Richard Aldington. E. P. Dutton and Company (Broadway Translations).

The Marriage Market. By Charles Kingston. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Book of Marriage. Edited by Count Hermann Keyserling. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A Short History of Marriage. By Edward Westermarck. The Macmillan Company.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

ONE of the most thought stimulating books written for some time, on the basis of definite personal opportunity to draw deductions, is John Carter's "Man is War" (Bobbs-Merrill). It echoes Spengler's pessimist philosophy that all social institutions carry within them the seeds of death. It holds that violence — war — "expensive, absorbing and inefficient" yet "entirely satisfactory to the emotions of humanity", is the bloody mechanistic Seidlitz powder which will continue temporarily to clear the world's greed and ambition clogged system until man is extinct. The picture of our civilization as it is at present, of its masses and political leaders, in practice centuries behind the noblest rational idealist preaching of the day, is brilliantly drawn — in red and black. And though necessarily the author's conclusions are speculative, they are largely based on the logic of fact. Mr. Carter closes on a note of doom and despair: that this bad old world of ours will not change; that its period Saturdays must continue to have their blood baths. To this conclusion the whole past history of the human race is opposed. Man is a thinking as well as a fighting animal; he has ideals as well as biologic urges, logic as well as blood lusts. Nevertheless, "Man is War" is a book Americans should read: it is constructive; it reflects the world as it really is today without any bias, and should stimulate a desire to better it.

It is rather hard for anyone who attends a modern football game, in a monstrous stadium, surrounded by fur coats and gay hats and all the color of a sporting crowd, to conceive of a time when the game was actually in disfavor, looked upon as a fearful and bloody battle of brute strength not fit for ladies to see. And harder is it to believe that one man could make the change from that primitive state to the modern game. But Harford Powel's biography of "Walter Camp" (Little, Brown) tells the story of this change, and of the man who effected it. Even for one supposedly not interested in the game, the book is really fascinating. Not that it is well written, for it is not. Nor is it even competent from the point of view of factual biography, there being several hiatuses of years in the account of Camp's life. But in the first place it tells the story of an intensely interesting and unusual figure, and in the second place it tells the story of football from an angle so different, so fresh, and so strange that the story should arouse the interest of the veriest tyro at sports.

During the last few years of the nineteenth century a new poetical era, which for sometime had been in the embryo, took definite form. It was sponsored largely by the Rhymers' Club, a small yet active organization of advance thought, including among its members such men as Ernest Dowson, Richard Le Gallienne, and W. B. Yeats. This group, together with a few additional writers, definitely cast aside the conventions of Victorian literature and set out to follow its own ideas. It is this new trend that C. E. Andrews and M. O. Percival have sought to illustrate in their collection, "Poetry of the Nineties" (Harcourt,

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Brace). With an obvious measure of care they have chosen from the works of the rebelling authors those poems most significant and representative. The result is an admirable one: an anthology has been compiled that is not only splendid for its content but also for the unity of its aim.

G. W. Russell, more frequently known as A. E., and another of the rebels of the nineties, has probably had a more varied career than any of his contemporaries. At first active in business, he later attempted painting, finally becoming a leading member of the Dublin Theosophical Society, as well as one devoting a large part of his time to the economic and agricultural improvement of Ireland. During all these experiences, however, he clung steadfastly to his poetry. Throughout the entire content of his "Collected Poems" (Macmillan) is to be found that mysticism so characteristic of him. Despite the fact that his sense of rhythm is at times inclined to be poor, there is in the work a maturity of thought existing only among those with a large, worldly experience.

Horace Wyndham has a new compendium of sundry celebrated episodes of crime and scandal, "The Mayfair Calendar" (Doran). For those readers whose curiosity concerning the more sensational acts in the behavior of mankind demands a satisfaction above the level of any to be had from the tabloids, this book will prove both satisfying and enlightening. For all we know, the author may be right in the contention advanced in his preface that one of the best ways to study man is to examine in specific instances some of his acts of greed and bloodthirstiness along with the fair record of motivating ideals that history and poetry preserve. At any rate, when served up with a sensitiveness to humorous and ironic values that Mr. Wyndham's treatment displays, the journal of crime and scandal makes vivid reading.

Hilaire Belloc writes with such facility that the children of his brain might almost be said to be born in litters. Yet this easy grace of production is matched by an ease and grace of style, a piquancy and readability, which justify his books in quantity as well as in the individual exemplar. "Miniatures of French History" (Harper) is a connected series of delightful pen pictures. They review the pageant of French history, in vignettes of moments high and heroic or humble yet sigificant, and always with some outstanding human figure in the foreground. Drawn with color and charm, these miniatures follow each other in dated sequence from the founding of Marseilles, 599 B. C., to the concluding "Two Men of the Marne", and should make anybody's history of France more enjoyably comprehensive.

Sixteen members of the University of Chicago faculty, each one an authority of high standing on the special science with which his essay deals, collaborated on the production of "The Nature of the World and of Man" (University of Chicago Press). The material was originally that prepared and used for an annual survey course open to exceptionally intelligent first year students of the university. But it has here been revised and simplified in order that its value and appeal may be extended to include every class of serious reader. As a complete outline of science, the volume deserves commendation and preeminence above all late contributions of its kind to liberal, readily acquired knowledge. The editor of the

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work is H. H. Newman, and its authors are: Julius Stieglitz on "The Nature of Chemical Processes"; M. C. Coulter on "Botany"; F. R. Moulton on "Astronomy"; R. T. Chamberlain on "The Earth's Origin"; J. H. Bretz on "Geology"; H. B. Lemon on "Energy: Radiation and Atomic Structure"; E. O. Jordan on "Bacteriology"; H. C. Cowles on "Plant Life"; A. S. Romer on "Paleontology"; W. C. Allee on "Invertebrate Zoology"; E. R. Downing on "Human Heredity"; F.-C. Cole on "Anthropology"; H. H. Newman on "Organic Evolution and the Origin of Life"; G.W. Bartelmez on "Anatomy"; C. H. Judd on "The Mind in Evolution"; A. J. Carlson on "Physiology".

There's a certain French critic who, when he is genuinely enthusiastic about a book, makes the cryptic report, "Read it." "Smoky" by Will James (Scribner) prompts this terse, compelling comment. "Smoky is just a horse, but all horse, and that I think is enough said", writes Mr. James in the preface of the book. Enough said, but one must see the author's illustrations, which are a spirited complement of this biography of a bit of mouse colored horseflesh, to appreciate the verve and charm of the book. "From that spring morning on the sunny side of the low prairie butte where Smoky was foaled", his life was one long adventure with cougars, wolves, horse thieves, the rodeo, and the "chicken horse" man. He descended the equine social scale until he became the drudge of an itinerant huckster, and then his escape—"The good care the cowboy had handed him, and afterwards the ramblings over the old home range, had done its work. The heart of Smoky had come to life again, and full size." A bully story told in Mr. James's inimitable manner. "Read it!"

The veteran novelist, Irving Bacheller, discourses with no disturbing profundity on superficial generalities of life, in his selection of fifteen essays, "The Opinions of a Cheerful Yankee" (Bobbs-Merrill). His optimism, dedicated here to praise of the past, burbles somewhat immoderately, even to the extent of sanctifying the witch burning spirit of seventeenth century New England. Of the sinful present—an age when many women smoke cigarettes—he disapproves intensely, but is still able to detect a few gleams of hope. When Mr. Bacheller is in a mood to indulge in reminiscence, which he does here all too infrequently, of his association with eminent writing men of a bygone day, his book is entertaining; otherwise it suggests the fallacious preaching of an "inspiration" tract.

Despite the limitations implied by the fact that it is confined to the verse issued by one publisher, "The Book of Bodley Head Verse" (Dodd, Mead) contains more real poetry than many current collections that presumably draw upon all publishers alike. A mere glance at the table of contents will indicate that some of the best of modern poets found their public through John Lane: such names as those of John Davidson, Ernest Dowson, Francis Thompson, Dora Sigerson, Alice Meynell, and Margaret Woods will stand as a guarantee of the quality of the book. Many of the best poems of these and of other writers as well known have been competently selected by J. B. Priestley.

The title of "The Cowboy and His Interpreters" (Appleton) is self explanative. When you add as subtitle an ancient definition, "A cowboy is a man with guts and a horse", you get the book entire. It is an exhaustive treatise on an exhaustive subject, and if

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the author missed one detail of the cowboy's life you may be sure it was inadvertent. And yet nowhere does he answer an inescapable query: what becomes of cowboys when they become cowmen? Surely the question is pertinent. For youth should be by rights an even more perishable thing in the sun and wind of Texas plains and even more inexorable. One has visions of the grey messenger "boys" of city services, and wonders if ancient cowboys must rattle their dentist's teeth on bucking bronchos in a profession which also has no maturity. The unavoidable cruelty, the reckless daring, the restless wandering, make no stable virtues with which to endure age. Better to wish them a gay and gallant death in the blood and sweat and ecstasy of a final roundup to join those fortunate pugilists and poets and motion picture actors who die in youth to live eternally enviable.

"The Independent Poetry Anthology" (C. A. A. Parker, Saugus, Mass.) deserves commendation for the original and interesting idea behind it; however poorly edited certain other anthologies may be, this is the only one that is admittedly unedited. The contents, moreover, at least partially justify the purpose of the work: scattered amid a considerable quantity of dross no more worthless than that which characterizes other anthologies, the 1926 member of the series presents not a few fine and authentic poems; and the value of many of these is as much extrinsic as intrinsic, for they introduce promising poets who have apparently never before appeared between the covers of a bound volume.

L. P. Jacks agrees with William Blake that "man was made for joy and woe", and upon this assumption has proceeded to build two stalwart volumes, "The Legends of Smokeover" and "The Heroes of Smokeover" (Doran), now introduced to an American audience. Thus the principal of Manchester College, Oxford, editor of "The Hibbert Journal", and author of a distinguished list of religious books, addresses himself for the first time to the lay reader. Smokeover is a strange place, a synthesis of London, New York, Gopher Prairie, and ancient Tyre. It has a million inhabitants, and among its visible attractions are two thousand public houses, three prisons, a university, a branch of the Society for Ethical Culture, and a sewage system which the author declares to be the wonder of the world. Furthermore, "The odour of burnt petrol pervades the streets at all hours of the day and far into the night." The legendary city of Smokeover has a mind, an attitude toward life, and it is this that we examine through a powerful lens focused for the observance of all things pertaining to civilization. One hesitates to label this venture into imaginate prose satire, fantasy, or prophesy; in fact the reader is prone to confuse the three terms with regularity. Through both volumes runs an undercurrent of profound erudition, acute observation, and a judgment tempered in accordance with the best English tradition. A sojourn in Smokeover is recommended as an antidote, although not as a substitute, for the reading of H. G. Wells.

Still the English textbooks come! The most remarkable trend in present American education is the fact that our professors of writing and literature are waking up to the inexcusably glaring deficiencies of their stewardship. Students have been gulled with dead materials and forms. For remedy,

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they are now being gulled with journalese. Publishers vie to publish from three to ten "rescue" books a year — get professors in strategic positions hurriedly to assemble these timely masterpieces. Doubleday, Page contributes three to the current phase of trade school practicality. Dr. Robert Shafer's "American Literature" (readings) overlooks Michael Wigglesworth, Sarah Kemble Knight, John Woolman, Royall Tyler, Charles Brockden Brown, and Sarah Orne Jewett for thirty five double pages of — Clyde Fitch! Dr. Paul Kaufman's "Points of View for College Students", up to date, sensible, provocative, nevertheless too slightly assumes to disagree with Craig Baird's recent almost revolutionary, experimental, practical (if just a little musty with the professors in its ranks) "College Readings on Current Problems". And Jefferson and Peckham's "Creative Prose Writing", though it attempts it in commendable directions, hardly improves on the recent scholarly, practical, and inspirational (if somewhat occasionally "arty", too exacting) treatises in description and narration which first Marjorie Nicolson, and now Mary Ellen Chase and Frances K. del Plaine, have issued (from Minnesota) through F. S. Crofts.

"The Romance of the Boundaries" (Harper) gives a full account of the agreements, disputes, and wars into which we have entered in the process of marking our frontiers, and settling the dividing lines between states. John T. Faris offers an unusual record taken from this angle, and one which requires careful reading. The illustrations of boundary waters, peculiar rocks, moving glaciers, are excellent and stir the imagination. The writing, however, aims at accuracy rather than vividness, and the flavor and excitement of history seem almost wholly lacking.

The relations of America with her European ally during and after the War of Independence are exhaustively examined in "The United States and France, Some Opinions on International Gratitude", with a foreword by James Brown Scott (Oxford). The bulk of the text is composed of official documents of the period, treaties, loan contracts, proclamations, of liberal quotations from Jared Sparks's "Early Diplomatic History of the United States", and of lengthy passages from the writings of his contemporaries on that subject. The testimony presents an illuminating sequence of vital problems which menaced the friendship of the two allies, and the adjustments of which remained incompletely settled until a half century later. The book should afford congenial reading to students of history desiring to acquire exact knowledge of nearly forgotten, but once immensely important, factors in the nation's foundation.

Josiah Quincy (class of 1821, Harvard College), the second of three mayors of Boston by that name, for sixty four years kept "journals" of the events of a busy and interesting life. He published them in 1883, and in due course his book went out of print. It was a happy thought on the part of the publishers to reissue "Figures of the Past" (Little, Brown), with an introduction and notes by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, and illustrations from old prints and photographs, for it would be difficult to find more enjoyable reminiscences, social and political, of the United States during the first half of the nineteenth century. Harvard in the 1820's; John Adams at eighty nine;

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Lafayette, Daniel Webster, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Lucien Bonaparte; Emerson and Andrew Jackson; New York City in 1826; the Mormon temple at Nauvoo and an interview with Joseph Smith — these are only a few of the figures and scenes vividly and often humorously evoked. The book will be enjoyed by all who like to look back on a more spacious and less hectic period of the American past.

Whether or no we agree with all the conclusions G. Turquet-Milnes arrives at in "From Pascal to Proust" (Boni, Liveright), studies in the "genealogy of a philosophy", they are provocative and stimulating. Beginning with the thesis that today philosophy has taken music's place as the realizant of the artistic ideal, the author makes Pascal her point of departure for a series of subtle essays. They elucidate the vitalistic philosophy of Bergson, which presents life as a miracle of divine depth and mystery, one unsolved by positivist science. They do so by showing the working out of Bergsonism before Bergson, in Pascal and Molière, then in the works of Balzac, Meredith, Thibaudet, and, last but not least, Marcel Proust, the soul sick analyst who has given us "a new perception of Duration which makes it fitting to set his name beside that of Bergson". Here is a book whose fresh and penetrant consideration of the great writers in the light of psychologic philosophy lures one from page to page.

It is a pleasure to note that a woman has written a book on the worthy cause of feminism and at the same time maintained her reserve. This subject, which usually is so violently discolored by the prejudice of suppression, has been treated logically and with care by Suzanne La Follette, niece of the late senator from Wisconsin. Her book "Concerning Women" (A. and C. Boni) is both concise and complete in its subject matter, beginning with the first movements toward emancipation and ending with what the author chooses to call "signs of promise". Since it is one of the best books of its kind ever published in this country, men and women alike should find it stimulating.

Although "Flying Fish" by Grace Hazard Conkling (Knopf) is in every respect the equal of "Ship's Log", which preceded it two years ago, it has little of that simple and appealing lyricism which characterized Mrs. Conkling's earlier poems and in particular that impressive piece beginning, "I have an understanding with the hills." Instead, one finds a continual and irritating straining after effect, a resorting to the palpably artificial when inspiration is evidently lacking; one observes her writing, apparently in serious vein, of "melon-rinds of coast" and of clouds that improvise "some tentative divine comment on light"; but only in an occasional piece, here and there in her sonnets and now and then in the series concerned with "The Child in the Mexican Garden", does one find any indication that the author is writing out of that inner compulsion from which all true poetry must spring.

Few books could be more disappointing than "Men in Women's Guise" (Brentano), translated from the French of O. P. Gilbert. Here at last, thinks the reader on picking up the volume, is a book which should have been written before, a book dedicated to the abnormal psychology of those curi-

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ous male personalities of history who elected to dress and live their lives as women. The persons discussed are well chosen, Abbé d'Entragues, Abbé de Choisy, the Chevalier d'Eon, Philippe d'Orléans, and Jenny de Savalette de Lange, yet little is offered save the bare externals of conduct. The author has recourse to the outworn conventions of biographical treatment in a field where the most subtle arts of the psychographer should take precedence. The how is stressed at the expense of the why, and the reader is still much in the dark after a perusal of some three hundred pages.

The third volume of David Alec Wilson's "Life of Carlyle" (Dutton) comprises one of the most vigorous periods of Carlyle's life. It is a lively collection of data from every conceivable source, presenting as it does a glittering and many faceted surface of the years 1837-1848. Then Carlyle began his work on Cromwell and others. The lectures brought him even more vividly before the British public and solved for a time the ever present financial problems of the Carlyles. It is difficult, however, for any but the student to see why certain inconsequential conversations, notebook jottings, bits of letters, and echoes of the chitchat that crackled about him are needed to complete this picture of Carlyle and his time. The work is frankly done by way of the sourcebook method, a boon to scholars and a bane to the casual reader. So much of the trivia of ordinary existence surrounding a great thinker can have meaning only for the academic investigator.

The "Washington Irving Diary" (Hispanic Society of America), edited from the manuscript in the Society library by Clara Louisa Penney, is a record of Irving's stay in Spain in 1828-9, when he was an attaché at the American legation in Madrid. The jottings are brief and laconic; yet even in these contracted notations we find vivid bits of description of men, scenes, and events.

"Business Ethics" by James Melvin Lee (Ronald) is to be commended for its notable lack of "bombinating in a vacuum" — a somewhat futile activity in this field — and its practical application of rules of conduct to particular cases. Mr. Lee points out that "the Golden Rule, which is so simple in theory, has become an equation in higher mathematics, with many x's, y's and z's" and occasional w's, then proceeds to provide his readers with clear and workable solutions. His examples of misdoing in trade range from obvious frauds to a consideration of the delicate line, if any, existing between the phrases "Not in" and "In conference" when administered to unwelcome callers. A gigantic appendix containing codes, pledges, and other documents drawn up by such diverse organizations, among many others, as the Association of Limb Manufacturers of America, the National Poultry, Butter and Egg Association, and the Better Bedding Alliance of America almost forces congratulatory exclamations from the reader. All in all Mr. Lee concludes that ethical conditions in business are, in a word, improving. "The Fundamentals of Business Ethics" by Everett W. Lord (Ronald) deals with similar material and covers the ground with no less thoroughness. "It is not that business men are no longer interested in making money", the author shrewdly remarks. It is rather, he asserts, that business men are coming to realize that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

The search for a new and workable philosophy of life continues, and youth turns to books for guidance in the absence of leadership from pulpit or pedagogues. That is this reporter's constantly recurring conclusion whenever the monthly reports of the nation's librarians come up for examination. Something new in ethics and morals cannot fail to follow the eager absorption of the philosophies which these titles represent. There will always be puritan minds who will decry evolution in morals as well as in every other sense, but after all each generation makes its own moral code and always has done so. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Show Boat	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Silver Spoon	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
4.	Beau Sabreur	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
5.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
6.	Labels	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
7.	The Big Mogul *	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
8.	Her Son's Wife	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
9.	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes	*Anita Loos*	LIVERIGHT
10.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
11.	The Understanding Heart *	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
12.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF

GENERAL

1.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
2.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
3.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
4.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	The Mauve Decade	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF
6.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
7.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
8.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
9.	The Arcturus Adventure	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
10.	Jefferson and Hamilton	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON
11.	Microbe Hunters	*Paul de Kruif*	HARCOURT
12.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

Admiral von Tirpitz at Bay — Alfred de Vigny as Dramatist — Le Chat Noir — Jacques Copeau and the Vieux Colombier — Henri Béraud's "The Truth about Moscow"

VON TIRPITZ'S new book is a detailed apologia for his war policy, which has been freely criticized in the German official history of the war and in various documents issued by the German foreign office. In view of these official revelations the Grand Admiral sees no reason for silence on his part. His book, which is provocatively entitled "Germany's Impotence in the World War", consists mainly of bitter attacks on his political opponents, the Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, in particular. General von Falkenhayn, General von Moltke, Herr Erzburger, and several of von Tirpitz's brother officers in the navy are also severely criticized. The Kaiser himself is not directly attacked, but von Tirpitz's view that he had no quality of leadership is plainly a tacit condemnation. Not that the Kaiser was unwilling to lead. No doubt he would cheerfully have conducted the whole policy of Germany in person in addition to undertaking the supreme command of both navy and army. The military party having effectively squashed the Kaiser's ambitions in this direction, von Tirpitz, in the book at any rate, reveals no anxiety on his part to have increased the Kaiser's already unwelcome influence in naval affairs. On the occasions of disagreement between the two men, von Tirpitz invariably threatened resignation. The Kaiser, however, realized the situation; for the first time the threat was employed he denounced it as "a conspiracy — a felony". This was significant of the disorganization of German naval policy at that time. Admiral von Tirpitz sheds further light on the lack of control by his citation of various eminent authorities. For this chaos, von Tirpitz, although of course he does not admit it, seems to have been very largely responsible.

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is indicted in this volume as the cause of Germany's defeat in the war. The Chancellor's proffered resignation on England's declaration of war, and the intrigues which followed the Kaiser's immediate and contemptuous refusal of it, make a discreditable story; it is surprising that von Tirpitz is so ready to reveal his participation in the unsavory intrigues which went on behind the scenes.

Admiral von Tirpitz contends that the German fleet should have been sent into action at the outbreak of war; and that the submarine campaign should have been promptly initiated and mercilessly developed against both Allied and neutral shipping. As an exponent of this doctrine of ruthlessness, Admiral von Tirpitz is an unconvincing advocate, for if ever a book was wisdom after the event, this is it.

* * * *

As if in preparation for the galas and revivals which will take place in Paris at the centenary of romanticism in three years' time, the French publishers and the leading French theatres are

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already reviving public interest in the picturesque period when Théophile Gautier strutted about in a flaming waistcoat proclaiming the rule of a new literary dynasty, and all his fellows, from their leader Hugo to their irascible critic, Gustave Planche, donned similarly revolutionary-cum-literary habits, and sallied forth to the battles of "Hernani" and "Othello". The poet who dared to introduce the great English dramatist into the struggle which he and his generation were waging against classicism was no other than Alfred de Vigny, and his greatest audacity, which excited the indignation of at least ninety per cent of his audience, was to translate literally the vulgar Elizabethan "handkerchief" into the prosaic French "mouchoir", and to retain (in spite of the classical example of Ducis, who in his translation had supplied Othello with a poignard) the original pillow which had been, in the freer Shakespearian tradition, no unworthy instrument for the death of a heroine.

Side by side with the present discussion about George Sand, occasioned by her anniversary and by the publishing of her "Journal Intime", there appears to be a general revival of interest in certain aspects of Vigny's genius. The more astute critics, like Lanson and Anatole France, have never doubted the worth of "Chatterton", that most personal of Vigny's few contributions to the theatre. The general public, however, led by less perspicacious critics, and confronted with the numerous unsuccessful attempts to revive "Chatterton" since the death of its author, had come to regard the play as most English audiences regard "The Cenci" or "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon" — a closet drama merely. Only a few people know that one reason why "Chatterton" failed when Antoine revived it at the Odéon two decades ago was that the young actor who played the unhappy poet's rôle had only just left the conservatoire, and was most unfit for a part so exacting and so expressive.

In the current production of the drama at the Comédie Française, the hero is played by the brilliant young actor, Fresnay. Young, lithe, handsome, and vibrant with restrained emotion as he is, no other actor could be a better instrument for the expression of the world weariness that Vigny sought to symbolize in the London suicide's thwarted, wasted life. When the rôle is played by such an actor, the philosophy of the drama is at once apparent. However romantic and out of date may be the author's conception of a pale, worn poet facing the antagonistic world, his development of this antagonism into a vital conflict between the individual and society, between personal pride and organized mediocrity, is so powerful that the play takes on something of the significance of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" or of Galsworthy's "Justice". The tender, inarticulate love felt for the hero by Kitty Bell is a further appeal which cannot but be universal. Indeed, as one reads back over the story of recent failures to place "Chatterton" in the repertory, one must concede that the play itself has always been as strong as it was during the months of its first great success, that its phraseology is still the best theatrical prose of the nineteenth century, as Anatole France declared it to be, and that its general conception, its profundity, and its characterization make it, as Lanson contends, the *chef d'œuvre* of the romantic drama. Fate, quite simply, has opposed the success of the play in the theatre as it opposed the success of its hero in real life. At the Odéon not only

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was the leading actor unsatisfactory. The leading lady, carried away no doubt by the author's extravagant justification of his poor poet's suicide, actually appears to have been won over by the eloquence which she had been forced to hear throughout long weeks of rehearsal. After the second public performance of the play, unnerved by a recent grief, she leaped into the Seine. The publicity given her exploit, which had no fatal consequences, possibly helped the production, yet her condition obviously unfitted her to play the lovely rôle allotted her, and the play came off after eleven performances.

The present production, which was placed on the program cautiously at first, is already well on the way to equal that insignificant total. The figure will no doubt have climbed considerably higher by now. The public has shown its readiness to listen to Vigny, most sympathetically. No other author has had the advantage of being explained by the young Anatole France, the sympathetic Anatole of the early days, before cynicism and disillusionment had poured gall into the critic's inkhorn. Within the last two years the remarkable "Alfred de Vigny" by Anatole France has been reedited by Aveline — with woodcuts by Perrichon— and by Calmann-Lévy — with the author's somewhat abashed explanations of his first literary offspring. Flanking this most agreeable work is the more scholarly biography by M. Esteve, and M. Citoleux's intensively documented inquiry into Vigny's sources. Buttressed by three such interpreters, it would be a poor author whose plays could make no impression on the public. Vigny may be primarily a poet and a novelist, yet from now on one must regard him also as a dramatist.

That gentle, genial figure, Maurice Donnay, who has for years been the mainstay of one section of the Parisian theatre, has at last spoken out in his own person and, quitting the footlights, has allowed Bernard Grasset to print certain indiscreet poems and playlets, certain most personal memories and good stories which, in his mellowing time, he has preserved from the black days when he was less well placed in the world, yet perhaps none the less contented. Maurice Donnay did not break into the theatre by having three of his plays, each signed by a different name, accepted simultaneously by the great Antoine for the Théâtre Libre. That would have been to steal François de Curel's thunder, and Maurice Donnay, although his plays have dealt one and all with love and lovers, is nothing if not a highly individual person. Thus it was that he started his life singing at a public cabaret, from that humble post worked gradually into the position of playwright for the cabaret's tiny Chinese shadow theatre, and thence, by geometric progression, into the more remunerative boulevards, until finally even the Comédie Française is glad to produce his work, and the august Académie Française is honored to number him among its forty immortals. Time was, at the Black Cat, as his little cabaret was known, when Maurice Donnay mocked the Academicians, and delighted to see his bock brought to him by a waiter dressed pompously in the famous green uniform. But then, with its uniformed waiters and talented entertainers, le Chat Noir was a most unusual place, and M. Donnay could have found no better title for his collection of most unusual reminiscences. He tells first how a group of Hydropathes, who probably could be defined as the opposite of prohibitionists, tore

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away from their traditional cabarets on the Left Bank and climbed over to Montmartre. Here, under an ensign du Chat Noir painted subsequently by Steinlen, and surrounded by bumptious odds and ends of "art" with one or two real masterpieces by Willette, nearly every great artist and writer of the nineties met his fellow. It was, on a higher scale, some such place as old Freddie's Lapin Agile, which still exists for the delectation of the tourist. Real literature was composed by its patrons for its other patrons, and real poets chanted in Homeric fashion the outpourings of the muse. That the beer was not served in vain, such writers as Albert Samain, Jean Richepin, Emile Goudeau, Edmond Haraucourt, Jules Lemaître, and Paul Verlaine might have testified. That the songs were not sung in vain, no less a composer than Claude Debussy might prove, for M. Donnay prints a delightful picture of Debussy the fine, Debussy the æsthetic, leading, throughout one entire and boisterous night, the chorus of a drinking song dedicated to the coffee bean of which the *clou* was a line that runs, "*Balzac n'a pas cessé d'en boire!*"

Decidedly, as Lemaître once wrote, "The Black Cat played its rôle in the literature of yesterday. It was one of the first to discredit the morose aspects of naturalism in exaggerating them to caricature . . . and at the same time that it abandoned naturalism it was contributing to the reawakening of idealism." Today, forty years after its great vogue, the story of the Chat Noir has been written, and now, in the same spirit, Aveline has printed a selection of Steinlen's designs, Fasquelle a collection of Richepin's poetry, and the series known as the Anas a typical volume called "L'Esprit de Maurice Donnay". Another cabaret has entered the notable list which has served so many French poets' inspiration.

* * * *

Jacques Copeau, in abandoning his Vieux Colombier two years ago, did not abandon all hope of returning to the little theatre where, across an interrupted stretch of some eleven years, he sought to uplift, to alter, and indeed to remake French dramatic art. Whether he returns or not, he has left his mark on the theatre. Many will perhaps argue that his experiments, although they were far from failures, helped none of his fellow countrymen. This is false. Although it is true that Germans and Belgians and even Americans have incorporated Copeau's producing methods into their own theatres, it is none the less true that the French stage enjoys the spectacle of several earnest young men who are carrying ahead the banner of the Vieux Colombier. At the Comédie Française itself there is a group which has recast and redirected several of the older plays and brought to light all of Musset's hitherto misunderstood masterpieces. At the Atelier theatre there is Dullin, who has acted with Copeau and who is putting his schemes into practice, even reviving occasionally one of his old successes such as "Bastos le Hardi", which MM. Regis and Veynes wrote some years ago especially for Copeau and which American readers already know in the N. R. F.'s famous little series, "Le Repertoire du Vieux Colombier". In this series, too, there is "L'Imbécile", the first play of one Pierre Bost, an author discovered by Copeau when the younger man was but twenty three. He is now no more than twenty six, yet he is producing, at the Comédie des Champs-Elysées, under Louis Jouvet, first of Copeau's lieutenants, a second play much more mature, and certainly

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much more satirical, than his first. In other fields than the theatre he has carried himself even further. His first volume, "Homicide par Imprudence", won the Prix des Amis des Lettres Françaises, which was the least that could be expected of such an engaging title. Later, in quick succession, have appeared a collection of short stories, "Hercule et Mademoiselle", some of which, especially where he deals with his own generation, are most remarkable; and a short novel of Normandy life called, after its hard hero, "Pretextat". Whether as novelist, *conteur*, or dramatist, Pierre Bost should go far. His name certainly deserves a place in the list of rising European authors.

* * * *

Henri Béraud's "The Truth about Moscow" is a lively and readable account of the author's recent visit to Soviet Russia. Béraud undertook the journey in the impartial capacity of a journalist, but his contacts with various types of Russians and his general experiences leave no doubt in his mind that the communistic experiment is a complete failure. Himself a proletarian, Béraud had at the outset no bias against Communism. But his disillusionment was rapid and complete. He had ample opportunities of observing the paradox of "rich comrades and poor comrades", the socially equal waiters who are not averse to accepting tips, and the vivid contrast between squalor and luxury.

Outside an aristocratic jeweler's establishment he met a beggar: "I thought I knew what a man in rags looked like. Fairly good specimens may be seen in Whitechapel, Naples, or Smyrna. But I had not then seen this wretched creature in Moscow. From head to foot he was just a single verminous rag. I have seen others since, but I was glad that the first should have shown himself to me from the depths of the darkness and rain, only ten yards from the two shops where you could — in the very heart of the proletarian capital — cover a lady's shoulders with a million francs' worth of pearls and furs."

In Moscow he interviewed Kamenev, or rather "talked things over" with him. The chapter describing their "talk" is entitled "Comrade Kamenev's Cigarettes". It is an amusing piece of journalism, but perhaps not so convincing as the following passage:

> I said to one of the authorities, "You have not put down money or misery, the profiteers or the poor, or the greediness of one class and the long-suffering of the other. What have you put down then?"
>
> The man, the people's commissary, gave me a sad look, with stray gleams in his eyes.
>
> "Nothing", he replied.

A translation of "The Truth about Moscow" has been published in England by Faber and Gwyer, an excellent piece of work by John Peile. M. Béraud has since published in France a similar book on Germany, called "Ce que j'ai vu en Allemagne".

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

IT was difficult for Ford Madox Ford to find an exclusive story for me and it was difficult for me to understand the exclusive story after he had resurrected it. No matter what you say, Englishmen do mumble, so if I err in presenting Mr. Ford's facts, he will understand, I am sure, when I state frankly that I could scarcely hear a word he said during the hour I spent with him at Herbert Gorman's apartment. There was one lady there, from "Town and Country" I think, to whom I refer you for an accurate account of Mr. Ford's anecdotes. It was her interview, after all; and she, it appeared, was English and had lived in Australia ten years. I shall have to go to England before I again subject myself to the intricacies of reporting the sayings of famous English novelists. Mr. Ford is here to lecture. Before his first talk to six hundred ladies at the Plaza, I met him at lunch, waiting in the lobby of a well known literary restaurant for a well known literary lady. My companion said: "Poor Ford. I wouldn't wait ten minutes for her. She always makes two luncheon dates and keeps the one at the restaurant which is most convenient for her to reach." Mr. Ford spoke feelingly of his experience as editor of "The Transatlantic Review". "I had to edit it, put it to bed, see it packed in boxes, and delivered. The problems of running a magazine in Paris are certainly numerous. There are no efficient young men to manage things and one cannot leave the details to the French." That is a tip for some bright young fellow. Mr. Ford would not speak at length about the younger literary crowd abroad. Djuna Barnes he considers exceedingly brilliant and clever as a writer, although she makes the mistake of identifying herself with the Village group while she lives in New York. Ezra Pound is the most important American writer in Paris, I understood him so say, and I wondered how many Americans know Pound and just why it is I think they don't. Mr. Ford lives in Paris, or outside Paris, because he loves to sit on the boulevards seeing his friends and talking literature and art with the many professional people one knows and sees in that Friendship Village. It is possible in New York or London to roam the streets for weeks and months, never running into a single acquaintance. There, I have not told you that exclusive story of Mr. Ford's and I have reached my space limit for this note. Well, it shall remain exclusive.

Ruth Raphael, one of our staunchest allies in this business of writing gossip, had a slippery person in Margaret Wilson, who rushed through New York, took several flying speaking engagements, and sailed away before you could say "Jack Robinson". Margaret Culkin Banning I found in the comfortable and charming lobby of the Chatham. Eyebrowpencil says that interviewing authors will soon be known as "lobbying". Mrs. Banning had a Queen Marie cold, of which she was duly vain. I thought it very sporting of her to take on one interviewer after another when she could scarcely whisper. At the moment she is interested in building a new home in Minneapolis, but at the same time she is toying with ideas for

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her next novel. She would rather be possessed by a character than by a thesis, and thinks it is not good for one's writing to base a novel on ideas. Her next novel, called "Pressure", considers people in any large city and the effect of that city's pressure on its inhabitants. We talked of the power of journalism in this country, the amazing work of our reporters on such cases as the Browning and the Hall-Mills, and the absorption of the most intellectual groups in both these stories. "People will not talk about anything else. Wherever I go, artists, writers, business people, discuss the Hall-Mills case, the Brownings. Every word of the testimony of the murder trial is memorized and everyone can tell you the history of each witness." It is quite true that, as a subject, these cases have become as unifying as the theatre. A certain motion picture editor I know has a very lovely wife who gets not a little bored with talk of the theatre and the cinema. She is a musician and connoisseur of art. After the theatre one night she begged to be taken where there would be no people discussing this actress and that, this play and that. I took her to a place where a nice Irishman, Wally, and his brother, Jack, talk about the races and about "Billy the Kid". But on this evening Jack chose to tell us about seeing Nazimova play "A Doll's House" in London, and in every corner of the room there were flagrant conversations about Valentino, Alice Brady, "An American Tragedy". I had never been so conscious of the part the theatre plays in society. Is it because everyone feels unashamed of his opinion, whether he be pugilist or dramatic critic? I, personally, shall go in for discussing hockey. Madison Square Garden is resplendent with top hats and luxurious furs these nights. Lois Moran, my favorite star, modestly starts off the game; the hockey players lose their tempers; the audience has already picked a favorite on the New

Robert Nathan, whose "The Fiddler in Barly" is reviewed in this issue

York team; hockey sticks swing, and skaters sprawl on the ice when they are not dexterously guiding the puck toward the net. Hereafter when I am asked what I thought of "White Wings", a play the intelligentsia championed with a vengeance, I shall say, like Groucho Marx, that personally I prefer a baked apple.

DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, before leaving for Atlantic City for a few weeks' rest, had a sort of playwrights' party in their rooms. Mrs. Heyward, in a crimson gown, seemed not the least baffled when a fuse blew out or some such catastrophe overcame the electricity which was heating water for our tea. We admired her calm in the midst of so much domestic disaster. But, as is usually the case, everything became adjusted and we continued eating anchovy sandwiches and choco-

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late leaves. From the Heywards' explanations, it was impossible to find out who had done the most on the dramatization of "Porgy", for DuBose says Dorothy is the dramatist and Dorothy says she did only the typing and the hurricane in the play version. Rehearsals start soon, and we wish them both the great success they deserve. Mrs. Heyward has had some experience in the theatre with "Nancy Ann"; and although certain actresses are said to be more than temperamental, she is eager to jump into the fight again. There one met Maurine Watkins, the youthful author of "Chicago". She has been staying at the home of Jeanne Eagels, working with this fortunate star on her play. I tried to find out about Miss Watkins's past, but she would only look genial and not at all impressed that she was being interviewed. She has been a reporter in Chicago, as everyone knows, and a student in Professor Baker's 47 Workshop, where I believe she knew Dorothy Heyward. There was a lady present who, by the way, bribed me to say a word for Stella Benson and even promised to send me a copy of "I Pose". She told how she had once been sent by a producer to see Miss Watkins and collaborate with her, and how Miss Watkins had looked so young and so pretty that she gave up any idea of working with her. One should never make that mistake about youth and beauty, for the youngest and most beautiful girl I know is an editor on "The Review of Reviews"; and Mrs. Heyward's young artist cousin, studying advertising in New York, is both pretty and talented. Another playwright and his collaborator appeared. Harold Hervey, with a friend, has written "The Devil Dancer", the first play with Tibet as the *mise-en-scène*. Robert Milton may produce it, but that is not settled. Mr. Hervey thinks his latest book is his best—a state which is only natural—"Congai", a novel, due about February. He is planning another novel with an eastern background, and his face is once more turned toward exotic countries.

The courtiers of publicity wear satin rompers these days. The old press agent is as much a back number with publishers as the O. K. Wagon Yard is with the citizens of Butte. And, it must be confessed, the journals of publicity are among the best printed. Both "The Piper" of Houghton Mifflin and "Brentano's Book Chat" have a galaxy of contributors any uptown magazine of discussion may well envy, and the latter work has a dignity and format many editors would reduce their salaries to procure. Amy Lowell, Viscount Grey, Rafael Sabatini, Bliss Perry, Georges Clemenceau, and Corra Harris are representative of "The Piper". The contents of this magazinelet are made up of extracts from the books of the firm, and it is "based on the idea that the best way to find out about a book is to read a little of it". It admits a circulation of 25,000 a month. What a pity it doesn't sell advertising! The "Book Chat" is a much more ambitious enterprise; in fact, it costs fifteen cents a copy and it has sixty five pages in each bimonthly issue. It is conducted intelligently and attractively, with just those features which the panting devotee of authors likes most to see. For example, there is a regular section each month wherein some writer of more or less distinction tells what book it is he has always yearned to write. A. Hamilton Gibbs misses the point of the contest just a little, for he says manfully that he always wants most to write his next book. That's a little

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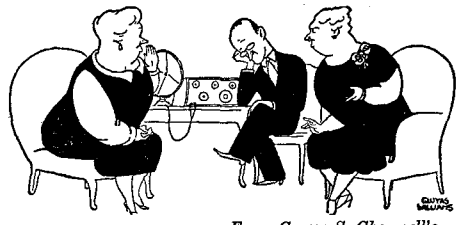
too exemplary. I prefer the shamefaced confession of Larry Barretto that he has always lived in fervent hopes of writing a cook book; or that of Ellis Parker Butler that he wants to write "a $10,000 novel—to order". There is in these confessions a suggestion both of revelation and frustration that will go far toward keeping up the literary myth.

My morning's mail—and the mail in a publishing office is the most amusing mail anyone could receive, I think—contains a nice little note of gratitude from Helen Woodward, even though I did call her green slippers sky blue. Due to me, she says, she now feels very famous; as a matter of fact, she was famous before I met her. And now it is too late for Mrs. Woodward to tell me the author of "The Great American Ass", for everybody knows that it's Edson—not that I really know or care who Edson is. Anyway, I shall accept the invitation to have tea with her in her new apartment in the Village because I like her almost more than any authoress I have met this season. Among the writers I have known for some time, I might elect as my favorite Zona Gale. That lady was in town, on the heels of the publication of "Preface to a Life". The dramatization of "Faint Perfume" is under way, which is a reason for her being here—if anyone who loves New York needs a reason for coming all the way from Wisconsin for a few weeks. By this time Miss Gale will probably be back home and at work on her next book, to be called "Borgia" or "Borgio", I couldn't tell which when she told me in the lobby of the Gotham. She and Ridgely Torrence and Lula Vollmer dined one evening near our Eyebrowpencil at the Russian Bear, where there are usually more literary lights than at



From George S. Chappell's "The Younger Married Set"

any other place. The Russian Bear is recommended enthusiastically by Eyebrowpencil, who has been seeing New York restaurants with Stephen Graham. She likes the food, especially the cheesecakes with rich sour cream poured over them, and she likes the Russian music. Also Moscowitz's, for Mr. Moscowitz's playing. And she suggests the Samarkand for pancakes filled with caviar. As for night clubs, Texas Guinan's held her interest until seven o'clock in the morning. Eyebrowpencil met Lipstick at "White Wings" and says Lipstick is handsomer than she remembers her to have been in the days when that indefatigable hoofer worked for Frank Crowninshield. Contrary to Lipstick's constant assertions that she has long red curls, she has a very shaggy and becoming bob. Lipstick is thinking of writing a novel, an act which seems incredible inasmuch as she is known to pound out as many as eight columns for one week's issue of "The New Yorker". Stephen Graham has gone back to England to embark on a novel which will follow "Midsummer Music", to be published by the time he comes back. He has just turned to novels after nearly twenty years of writing. It is safe to predict that he is going to surprise a world which does not suspect him of so much satire.

I once knew a man who said that he was sending his book into the world

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with a "definite social service instinct". Helen Woodward would probably not make any such claim for her "fine progressive business autobiography". In fact, I didn't think the book would do any more good in the world than the saxophone has. But I was wrong. The Frederick A. Stokes Company (and that company did not publish her book) has taken the suggestions in "Through Many Windows" quite seriously, and Emily Street, advertising manager, has inaugurated the custom of afternoon tea in her department. "Promptly at 3:45 the kettle is set to boil, the little round-cheeked, shingled clerks set out the cups, and for fifteen minutes the wheels of 'Big Business' stop while the office relaxes into the pleasant old-fashioned genial atmosphere of the fireside." The report has it that the relaxation "really does jack up jaded wits and makes the last hour of the afternoon as valuable as the first". Curiously, I am writing this at 3:45. And I feel strangely underpaid and overworked, jaded and discriminated against. Perhaps if my own firm had adopted this revolutionary policy some weeks ago, I could end this note by a bright and clever saying.

Signing a contract with "one of the leading American magazines" for three serial stories puts Temple Bailey among the immortals, for she now becomes the highest priced writer of fiction in the world. As if this were not enough, Miss Bailey's novel, "The Blue Window", has reached 65,000 in the United States at the time of this writing, has gone through three large editions in Great Britain, and is in popular demand among the Canadians. To cap a lofty climax, a Swedish publisher has just purchased the translation and publication rights in that country. But what will send the remaining Americans who have not read the Bailey opus scampering for the book stalls is the fact that she is now in the class of Arthur Brisbane and we can appreciate her. I once had a Fundamentalist friend who was also a business man. In our discussions over the back fence, my friend invariably checked his opin-

From James Stephens's "The Crock of Gold"

ions by those Brisbane had voiced in the Hearst sheet that morning. Often I found him torn between two opinions, for he hated evolution yet found Arthur condoning the teaching of it in the schools. I don't know but that now my friend has turned Modernist, for, as he frequently reminded me, "Brisbane is the highest paid editorial writer in the world." Also, Harry K. Thaw is rapidly climbing onto the best seller lists. His publishers assert that he is making thousands of dollars on his book, "The Traitor". Over 25,000 copies have been sold thus far, and it is a source of great satisfaction that "Thaw has proved himself to be a writer of genuine earning capacity, despite predictions by literary men that the book would be a failure". Of course the book isn't any sort of failure if 25,000 copies have been sold and

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since Thaw plans to give away his royalties — prompted by the avowed and honorable purpose of reducing his income tax.

The New York "Times" has the marked distinction of having humiliated G. Bernard Shaw — unintentionally, of course, yet withal completely. Upon the occasion of the opening of Shaw's "Pygmalion", there was printed in the "Times" a long article by Mr. Shaw, prefaced by a note set in italics that ran somewhat as follows: "This article was written some time ago for the opening of the Guild Theatre, but for some strange reason it has lain around in the masonry and has only now come to light." The Guild Theatre opened some fourteen months before the publication of the article. I really hope no one lost his job because of this inadvertence, for that an American newspaper should hold one of G. B. S.'s effusions for fourteen months before using it is to me one of the choice practical jokes of American history. Another practical joke seems to be the awarding of the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1925. Shaw, the ungracious recipient, lets out a snort to the effect that he did not write a line during that year. The rumor is that the prize may have been given him for past performances, such as "Saint Joan".

Stephen Benét is our faithful correspondent. But owing to Thomas, their first son, the Benéts have been seeing few literary lights in Paris. The Fitzgeralds are somewhere in the south of France. Robert McClure, who is working on a third novel which is more or less about fairly young married people in a city like Cleveland, is in Paris with his wife and two little girls. The Guthries — Ramon and his French wife—are living on the rue Pré aux Clercs. He is doing a translation in his working moments, and in his leisure moments he writes at (I suppose when one writes in his leisure moments he "writes at") a novel with a funny title, something like "The Adventures of Freddy Tobacco". The Benéts and the Guthries went to a street fair together. Archibald MacLeish, who is there also, has a new book of short poems ready, and John Peale Bishop and his wife are attempting to buy a house in the country. Steve, although he does not say so, apparently cannot write in the same house with Thomas, for he has a studio across the street to which he goes every day. Louis Untermeyer, whom I missed when he was here for a fortnight, is to spend the winter in southern Italy. He will begin, as he says, an historically inaccurate but plausibly fantastic (or fantastically plausible) life of Moses. Thornton Wilder, who you will remember wrote "The Cabala", has sailed to Europe as tutor to a polo player. I'll refrain from the obvious comment, for a very nice note from a friend of Gene Tunney has made me realize that there are gentlemen of literary taste in every walk of life. I agree with him that too much stress has been placed on Mr. Tunney's reading, for, as he says, "Gene reads no more nor less than any man possessed of some culture." I just missed seeing Mr. Wilder before his departure and I'm sorry, for I wanted to tell him all over again of my enthusiasm for his novel.

Mr. Putnam's Greenland expedition is back, with David Binney Putnam, thirteen year old writer of adventure books, and Dan Streeter, the author of "Denatured Africa". Believe it or not, Mr. Streeter is an ex-cotton manufacturer, in the roaring forties; when

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he was thirty nine he decided he hadn't done anything, so he turned to exploration and humorous writing. He is, I believe, an honorary editor of the Harvard "Lampoon". The dignified gentleman who is doing the "New Map of South America" and has written the biography of John Wanamaker, comes back from the other America, where he says he learned the Charleston. The Charleston, I should think, would be more a matter of climate than of age, so I am not surprised that Herbert Adams Gibbons can dance it — but that he should have gone to such a hot place to learn it! Arthur Somers Roche, who normally lives in Darien, Connecticut, will spend the winter in Palm Beach, which means that he must move servants, children, secretaries, canaries, cars, and all the other luxuries of a successful novelist. An amusing story is told on him. On his return from Europe not long ago he called up an agency for a secretary and specified, "She must be beautiful as well as efficient." Very well. She was delivered promptly. It appears that the novelist had just come from Italy, or some such place, where he had hired a secretary who looked so ill and bedraggled that he was unable to write, so great was his concern about her health. The experience was so awful — Mr. Roche, it seems, dictates his stories — that he could not take a chance again. Other strange stories were told me by Joel T. Rogers about Gordon MacCreagh, author of "White Waters and Black". I want to hear them, however, from Mr. MacCreagh's own lips, and Mr. Rogers has promised to lasso this enormous fellow before another Gossip Shop must be written. The air of New York has lately been rent with shrieks of feminine horror and delight, for the Rodeo has been in town and mischievous cowboys and dangerous steeds have taken possession of Fifth Avenue. It is an unexpected pleasure to be caught in a rope. One deft rider lassoed three unsuspecting victims at a throw. Stephen Graham, who watched the performance with me, told about a cowboy who once rode into the lobby of a hotel in Mexico and lassoed a girl who was reading "The Saturday Evening Post", much to her astonishment and disgust. Apparently she preferred her western heroics in print.

The gentleman who recently complained that we slight California, in favor of Vermont, should be cheered by the news that three among the ten prize winners of THE BOOKMAN's Children's Essay Contest live in the sunny state. On the other hand one California teacher, in submitting a batch of essays in which the Book Chums mentioned were mainly such historical characters as Washington, offered the explanation that many of the children had never read a book! For the most part the characters selected were the usual ones: Jo March, Heidi, and Pollyanna for the girls; Huck Finn and Penrod for the boys. But there were several astounding choices among the young ladies. One began her paper with the statement: "The character I select is the birth and life of Jesus." Other "chums" were Mr. Erskine's Helen of Troy, Ernest Pontifex of "The Way of All Flesh", Elsie Dinsmore and her "chaperon", Lorelei Lee, Moses, and Noah Webster. An enterprising youth whose handsomely illustrated paper turned out to be a discourse on aviation, linked it up with the contest by entitling it "My Chum is an Aviation Magazine". The imaginary doings of the girls were on the whole incredibly noble. Adventures described by the boys ranged from variegated robbery to murder — the modern

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touch was present in several bootlegging enterprises. But both sexes proved themselves thoroughly human by their frequent references to food. One eleven year old described in detail the delicacies she would take with her on a picnic, ending with "an angle food cake (*sic*) with strawberry icing". Well, to terminate the suspense, we announce that the first prize of twenty five dollars goes to Josephine Miles, age 15, of Los Angeles, California; the second, ten dollars' worth of books, to Paul Reed, 14, of Akron, Ohio. The eight other successful candidates, each of whom gets a book of his choosing, are: Raymond Olson, 12, Superior, Wisconsin; Elsie M. Miller, 10, Louisville, Kentucky; Nancy Knapp, 12, Greenwich, Connecticut; Margaret Kidder, 12, Orange, New Jersey; Margaret Kealy, 13, Covington, Kentucky; Walter Maurus, 12, Oakland, California; Walter W. Tiffany, 11, Allamuchy, New Jersey; and Lorene Rowell, 11, Oakland, California. The prize winning essay was printed in the December number as the best one received before October 10. We therefore print only the paper by Paul Reed, exactly as he wrote it:

MY BOOK CHUM

Of all the books I have ever read, the character I would most like to have for a chum is, Tom Sawyer. I admire him most because he is a "real boy".

I will now tell you of an incident of our journey abroad, which Huck Finn left out of his book either because he lacked space or grew tired of writing.

If you have read Tom Sawyer abroad, you will remember that while we were over the Saharah a terrific sand came and what a time we had on board. The gale blew us southward at about one hundred miles an hour. Toward morning as the storm began to spend itself, there came the sound of splintering wood and the lurch of the craft tumbled us all out of our bunks! The shock dazed me and it was some time before I came to myself. The others were searching the craft in the semi-darkness, trying to find the source of the trouble.

Tom found the break and called us to the stern. There in the place of the rudder we made out a tangled wreck. A few branches and leaves explained the cause. The ship was five thousand feet above the earth, a helpless derlict, so we realized our danger. We had been blown across the desert and below us we could see a vast jungle with a small clearing here and there.

We spent half the morning looking for a place to land, and the other half getting down. Immediately after landing we set about to repair the damage. After three hours of hard work we made a crude but efficient rudder. None of us had had anything to eat all day, so we soon had our supper on the fire. With our meal finished we sat about telling jokes and stories and listening to the strange sounds of the jungle. Suddenly from about us there came a chorus of piercing savage crys!

As we jumped up a horde of little black men came charging across the clearing at us. For a few moments we were so astonished we could not move a muscle, so they quickly surrounded us and forced us into the jungle. We traveled about two miles with whole crowd yelling and brandishing clubs at us. Finally when we broke in upon the pygamie's village we were glad to get a rest. The village was a clearing with a circle of grass huts around the outside. There seemed to be some sort of festival, but when we came all the noises stopped. All the little men came running and crowding about to get a look at us. Finally one who seemed to have more clothes and decorations than the rest raised his hand for silence. When they were quiet he spoke a few words. Then they all fell down on their knees and bowed to us as if we were kings.

During our capture and march through the jungle we had been too surprised to be frightened, it all seemed so queer. Now Tom Sawyer exclaimed, "I bet they think we are some sort of Gods! They won't hurt us but they'll most likely keep us here a while. His words comforted us a good deal.

It was rather late now so we were led to one of the huts and a guard was appointed to watch us. The others soon fell asleep but I lay awake far into the night thinking about this strange adventure. Finally I went to sleep. I dreamed the pygamies were going to let me grace a feast. Just as I was about to be thrown into the pot, I awoke to find Tom shaking me.

For breakfast we were brought a large quantity of fruit and while we ate we discussed the adventure. "It would be a lot of fun to stay here a few weeks," said Tom, "but maybe they wouldn't let us go

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when we wanted to. We can pretend we wanted to get some things from the ship and then fly away before they can stop us." We all thought this a good plan and agreed to carry it out.

After breakfast we approached the chief and after some dickering he consented to let us go. We started out with nearly all the village traveling along behind. The ship had been somewhat disturbed by the natives crawling over it but no serious damage was done. Once on board Tom told us to watch the savages nearest the ship so if they discovered what we were going to do we could keep them off until we got away. With a loud noise Tom started the engine. The pygamies shrank back in fear. Then as they saw we were getting away they gave a concerted rush towards us. But they were too late. With cries of rage the little men shot arrows and hurled stones at us, but they did no damage and we sailed safely away.

"Whew," said Jim, giving a last look at the angry band, "I allus thought debils was red"!

Just as I am starting to put Jenny Remington into her coop, Eyebrow-pencil comes arunning and implores me to say a word for Elizabeth Madox Roberts whose book, "The Time of Man", she has just read. Eyebrow-pencil is one of those girls who read one novel a year and can never forget it. There is not much known about Miss Roberts. She was born in Kentucky, educated at the University of Chicago, and is now living in Los Angeles. She began a literary career by writing poetry for "The Atlantic Monthly", and then Ben Huebsch brought out a volume of her verse called "Under the Tree". She submitted "The Time of Man" to him for his advice concerning its serialization, having no idea that it should be published as a novel. A small part of it was used by "The Dial", whereat the whole was immediately seized upon by publishers who are frankly surprised at its reception. They recognized it as a beautiful piece of work but had no high hopes for a tremendous sale. The Book-of-the-Month Club made it their October choice, and in one week it has sold over a thousand copies. Elizabeth Madox Roberts is a modest person. She looks through the window of her Los Angeles apartment, over the Hollywood hills, and writes her second novel, which she says is as different as you can imagine from her first. Another Book-of-the-Month was "Lolly Willowes", Sylvia Townsend Warner's engaging spinster story. The author is an Englishwoman who has studied composition in Germany, has a great knowledge of Tudor music, and is an archæologist. She is now writing of a South Sea missionary hot on the trail of converts. I can see that the missionaries and the clergy are in for it this spring. Sinclair Lewis is feverishly turning out a book about a minister and Louis Bromfield's next novel concerns a missionary in the eighties. Louis Bromfield has been in Italy and asks to be quoted as saying that he is afraid the Victorians — Ruskin, Longfellow, Howells, and the rest — sold our generation a gold brick in Italy. "It's full of ball fringe and antimacassars and what-nots. They're all over the fronts of most of the churches. But of course there were a few fine artists — a long while ago — several centuries." He adds that he is rising at six to see the Pope consecrate four Chinese bishops at St. Peter's. "In fact, I'm seeing everything. And I don't think the ruins in Rome are very good ruins either. I've seen better." He'll be back in his beloved New York by the time this appears, for which I give thanks. It seems ages since he left us.

E. Barrington, in all her various guises, recently sailed for London where she expects to spend the next eight months or so working among the scenes of the famous diarist, Samuel Pepys.

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